HIGH POLICY AND LOW POLITICS

THE ANTI-EUROPE WAVE

December 26, 1950

The Reporter

25c

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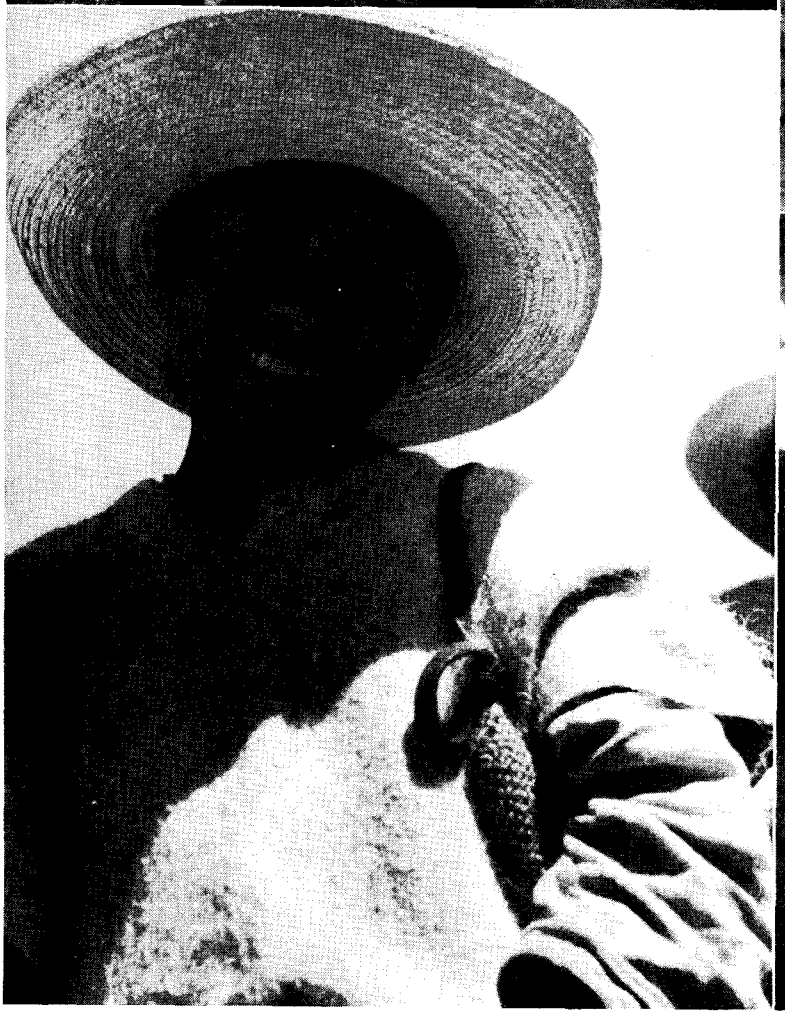

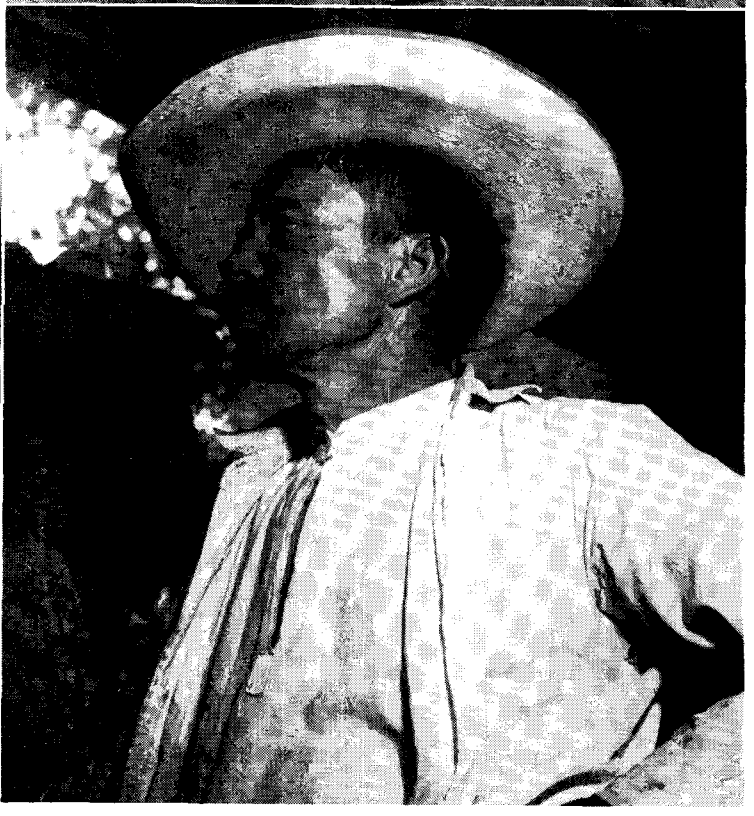

People of Mexico: Will industrialization pave their road to the more abundant life?

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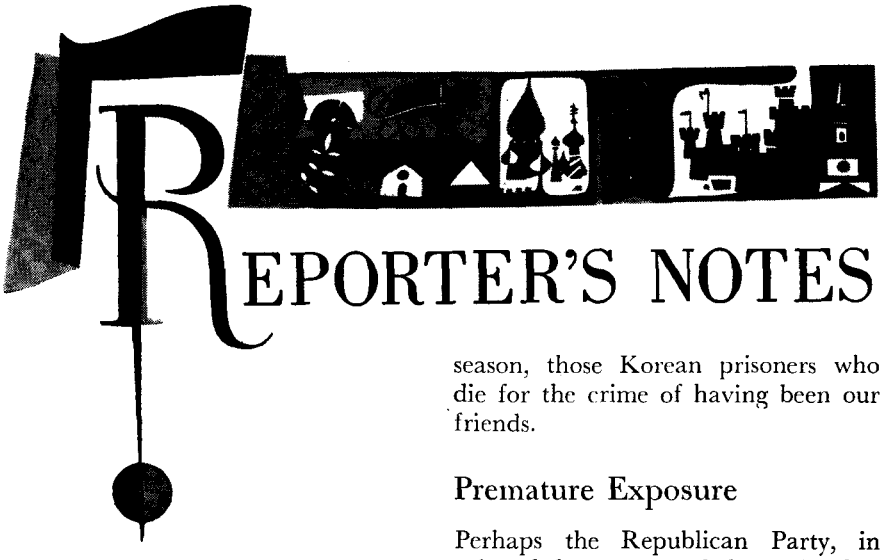

Buddies for a Season

The whole world is talking about Korea but not much is said about the Koreans. The same applies to the Formosans. Obviously, these people go with the land, and the land is on the market. What seems to be overlooked about the Koreans is that thousands upon thousands of them will pay with their lives for having defended their country and welcomed our aid. Somehow, for reasons that might have had little to do with the belief in democracy, they preferred us to the Communists. Many of them were the buddies who, in the critical time before the Inchon landing, strengthened the regiments of our infantry.

Of course, whenever the Syngman Rhee government enjoyed a spell of power, it rounded up many of its enemies, and some of them were shot. In times of revolution, it is easy to dispense with political trial in favor of summary justice. When Communists get control of a city or of a country, they go one step further: From summary justice to mass executions. They practice political genocide. Sometimes, led by a sense of thrift, they let a man die slowly, and use what is euphemistically called his manpower for slave labor.

As this issue of *The Reporter* goes to press, the tide of battle is still wavering—mostly against us. We do not yet know whether the U.N. armies will succeed in holding a line in Korea. But one thing we do know: We feel a wrench in the heart whenever we think of those buddies for one season, those Korean prisoners who die for the crime of having been our friends.

Premature Exposure

Perhaps the Republican Party, in spite of the great need the nation has for it, will never regain power. It seems to be the victim of an extraordinary curse. In 1948, Dewey lost, for he ran for President thinking he was already President. His Presidency came to nought because of premature exposure.

Lately the slogan of many Republicans has been: "Let MacArthur run the war." He did. Aside from the extreme program of the lunatic fringe, the Republican recommendations for the Far East have been carried through by the Democratic Administration—or at least the Republican opposition has always been strong enough to prevent the Administration from following a course of its own.

There must be somebody, somewhere, who is giving the Republicans a bum steer. It is incredible that McCarthy has not yet started the search for the Republican Lattimore.

Chiang for President

Until recently when a candidate had no hope of ever reaching high office—the Presidency of the United States, for instance—it was said: "He hasn't a Chinaman's chance." Now we are glad to report that a man who was born and has spent most of his life in China—aside from a year or so in Moscow—may be the man to whom we should entrust our destiny.

Dear Chiang, forgive us; dear Chiang, we shall be worthy of thee—thus, approximately, spake Alfred Kohlberg, the brains of the China lobby: "To win we must convince Chiang that we are allies to be trusted. The first step in that direction would, of course, be the removal from influence in American affairs of all those men who have engineered his betrayal since 1944."

This presumably would leave a large number of vacancies in our government—the Presidency, several Cabinet positions, and any number of seats in both houses of Congress. As a replacement in the top job, frankly, we think of nobody whom Chiang would trust except Chiang himself. That was the way he ruled China—and lost it.

Contributors

William Harlan Hale is the author of *Horace Greeley: The Voice of the People*. . . . John McCully writes for several Texas newspapers. . . . Gordon Pates is on the staff of the San Francisco *Chronicle*. . . . R. E. Lapp, who has held official positions in several of the government's atomic-energy projects, wrote *Must We Hide?* . . . Irving Howe is working on a critical biography of Sherwood Anderson, to be published in the spring. . . . Cover by Hallman; photographs from Magnum and Wide World.

In our issue of December 12, 1950, the credit line was inadvertently omitted from a chart showing new defense agencies created by the Defense Production Act of 1950.

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The Reporter
A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

December 26, 1950 Volume 3, No. 13

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Editorial

The Bitter Lesson of Retreat

Since 1945, the Communists have kept us in the situation they wanted—neither war nor peace, but a constantly shifting blend of both. We were entirely thrown off by this, for we had just won our absolute goal—the unconditional surrender of the enemy—and we were convinced that the U.N. would guarantee absolute peace. For all our boasted pragmatism, we are to this day incorrigibly addicted to unyielding absolutes. To make matters worse, toward the end of the war we had become the monopolistic producers of a seemingly absolute weapon.

It has been extraordinarily hard for us to understand, still more to counteract, the Communist threat. The Communists all over the world were free to concoct their blends of war and peace, always increasing, with an eyedropper or a bucket, the ingredient of war. As far as we were concerned, for over four years our foreign policy was based on economic assistance of one sort or another to distressed countries and on the absolute weapon. Belatedly, when it became clear that we had no monopoly on it, we devised—thanks mostly to Secretary Acheson—the new and much wiser policy of gradually building up our own and our allies' armed strength. As the Russians experimented with war and civil war wherever they could, we and our allies had to become strong enough so that one day we could face these loathsome black magicians with the clear alternative of open war or enduring peace. Our superiority of atomic bombs, we hoped, would guarantee the uneasy wait for the day of full preparedness.

The tragic thing about these lines of strategic thinking—reliance on the atomic bomb and frugal rearmament—is that both were inadequate to meet the immediate Communist threat, and both came into existence too late. A strategy based mostly on a one-way atomic bomb is suited to an isolated and isolationist nation. The reliance on gradual rearmament makes sense for a nation that is proceeding at its leisure to become a great power in the world. The atomic monopoly could have given ideal support to the Monroe Doctrine. The policy of building up positions of strength could have been pursued as a matter of course after the First War, and saved the peace of the world. Now we have to reckon with the atomic bomb as something that can be delivered on our cities and on the even more vulnerable cities of our allies. These allies are scared by the prospect of an atomic war, just as they are scared of the waiting period between now and the time of full preparedness.

The Enemy's Word—and His Silence

After our first attempts at peace-making under Secretary Byrnes, we came to the conclusion that we could not have any useful form of communication or discussion with this hydra-like enemy whose countless tongues were spreading lies all over the world. Until very recently, we acted as if the self-evident goodness of our intentions and our deeds were enough to expose his lies. As a result, he gained all possible advantages from our possession of the atomic bombs that the overwhelming majority of the American people prayerfully hoped would never be used, and he impudently passed himself off, in the eyes of the scared and naive people of many countries, as the champion of that peace which he robbed from the world.

We have learned from very hard experience that we cannot trust the enemy's word. Yet when we went into Korea, whether most of us realized it or not, we were relying on an unspoken agreement with the enemy that the war would be kept limited. We proudly turned down all offers by friendly nations like India to have these limits made binding on everybody concerned by international-U.N. agreement. Some of our best journalists ridiculed the dire warnings of impending Chinese intervention from the "appropriately named" Mr. Panikkar, Indian Ambassador to Peking. Because we could not trust the enemy's word, we took our chance and trusted his silence. When he started threatening we trusted our deafness.

This is the great lesson from the last turn of events in Korea. It has taught us that there was something wrong in the position "without equal strength—no discussion with Soviet Russia and its satellites." For a policy based on the gradual build-up of strength invites the enemy to engage us in periodic tests of

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strength, making us waste whatever power we have acquired. These tests of strength are called limited wars. Korea has proved that the only thing that keeps them limited is the enemy's will.

The first thing to do now is to arm as fast and as well as we can. The records of quick rearmament established during the last war have to be surpassed. They will be. There is nothing Stalin is more afraid of, for he knows to what heights the American war potential can climb, just as he knows that the people under him cannot sustain a long war. But here again Korea has given us a lesson: We cannot rely on arms alone—neither now nor on the forthcoming parity-with-the-enemy day. Use of arms, actual or threatened, must be part of a policy; success or failure in the test of arms must always be accompanied and followed by the skillful action of the diplomats and the propagandists. Secretary Acheson gave a brilliant illustration of this when, advancing his plan for strengthening the General Assembly, he made our government cash in on the victory our troops had won at Inchon. But we do not seem now to have a line of diplomatic action to soften the impact of defeat. We took the Korean gamble, for it was the only right thing to do, but in playing it to the end we counted only on military victory. We forgot even the platitudinous wisdom of the old saying, "War is too important a thing to be left entirely to the generals"—to any general.

We have heard a good deal lately about the strategy of peace and of war. But perhaps our thinking and planning have been rather on the tactics of peace and war, on how to resist or contain whatever local aggressions the enemy would launch in whatever places and with whatever means he would choose. We must now define the enemy acts that would provoke us to war—not sometime in the future, on delivery of our blueprinted weapons, but at the very moment we are provoked.

Our Power: Sea and Air

In defining the "No Trespassing" line to the enemy, we must remember that we are predominantly a sea-air power. Our troops have been badly mauled in Korea, but no one has beaten us on the sea or in the air. We consider our strength as the main asset of the universal organization to which we belong—the United Nations. But right now we can defend ourselves and the United Nations mostly with what we are best at, which is sea-air power.

Somewhere among the islands of the Pacific Ocean we must establish a line of defense that will be extremely hazardous for the enemy to attack by sea and air. In Japan, for instance, we can put up a danger signal for the Russians and the Chinese to see. As for western Europe, we cannot compromise. Russia must know that any attempt it makes, directly, through satellites, or through Quislings, to conquer the nations of western Europe would be a provocation to war.

All this does not mean that we intend to defend Europe simply by dangling the atomic bomb over the Kremlin. To negotiate and, if possible, to establish tolerable relations with the Communist powers we must have independent nations in western Europe, not occupied or exploited by the Communists, just as we need the protection of chains of islands in the Pacific. The western European nations are our Atlantic defense belt. We cannot leave our country neatly in the middle of the Russian nutcracker, closing on us from East and West. Our government should make it clear beyond any possible misunderstanding that if the enemy attacks either defense belt we are ready to fight.

The Area of Negotiation

For what we cannot now defend we should be ready to negotiate. This includes the mainland of Asia, where our meager ground forces could only be swallowed up. It obviously includes whatever part of Korea we cannot hold or regain. We do not need to be lured to the conference table by the enemy or goaded to it by India—a friendly nation typical of several others, particularly in Asia, determined to press a settlement between the two major power-blocs and to be independent of both. We can ourselves issue the call for this international conference, which should aim at a political and military armistice. There is no use talking peace, at least for our time, with the Communist governments, but it may be possible to negotiate with them within the U.N., and set bounds to political and military conflicts.

To negotiate with an established government is quite different from approving of it. Even a child should know that. Yet one of the most deplorable results of our no-war, no-peace relationship with Russia has been to make us revert to adolescent ways of thinking, like not recognizing governments we do not like, or accompanying recognition, when we cannot help it, with declarations of love. Everybody knows in his private life there is a huge difference between acquaintance and affection. Yet in our national life we seem to assume that there can be no acquaintance unless there is love, and that everybody we do not like should consider himself dead.

There are several things we can offer to the nations we face at the international conference, and several things we can demand. We can demand in-

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ternational guarantees for the independence of countries that we help economically even though we cannot help them militarily. We can offer to back the U.N. in all its efforts at economic rehabilitation, with the condition that what the U.N. gives only the U.N. can supervise.

In no case can the discussion between the four or five powers arrogate the decisions that belong to the U.N. as a whole. We know that the Russians above all want to reduce the conference to a two-nation, split-the-world deal; we must uphold the principle of the universality of the U.N., even if this implies the admission of countries that the Kremlin at present controls. We can ask, quite plainly, that the existence and operation of the Communist international be brought out and discussed in the open. In fact, we should demand at the conference that every point of conflict be explored and aired.

There is no such thing as absolute peace or absolute war. There is international politics that sometimes must be played by force of arms, but always needs the support of strength. We must play the tough game of international politics on a world-wide scale, according to the strength we have at any particular moment and the support we can gain from the largest possible number of nations. Ours is a wounded, not by any means a defeated, country. We can go to an international conference ready to repay the enemy in his own coin. If the enemy wants to use the international conference for propaganda purposes, so can we. If he wants to fight, so do we, but on a terrain of our choosing and with our strongest weapons. Ultimately, the chances of success or failure that the conference may have come from the realization on both sides of what a horrible and irredeemable disaster total war would be. The greater responsibility lies with us, for we have to convince a dogmatic, pig-headed enemy that we are equally determined to avoid war if we can and fight it if we must.

The Home Front

International politics begins at home. Our foreign policy must be in tune with the moods, the feelings, of the people. The processing of feelings and moods into policies and ideas goes on every day. It is like the heartbeat of a nation. In the high seats of power, in the press, in the radio, the events of the day are manipulated and simplified to give the large majority of the citizens an idea, no matter how rough, of what goes on and of what should be done about it. In a democracy, the few who think and act for the many compete for votes or nickels.

Unfortunately, we cannot say that the average politician or newspaper publisher seems to care much about what kind of information he makes available to the public. Yet the public's moods and feelings about the events of the day are determined by what is fed to its imagination. This vicious circle has never been more ominous than in our day: The public is scared and bewildered by what it reads and hears about the danger of Communism, and those men whose function it is to provide the public with some knowledge take the easy course and cater to the public's fears.

Emotional fear of Communism can always precipitate the masses into mad stampedes against real or alleged Communists at home rather than against the formidable Communist threat from abroad—stampedes that do not make the men in the Kremlin unhappy. Some politicians have found that the cultivation of fear pays off. Indeed, one is almost inclined to forgive McCarthy, for it takes a much bigger man than he to walk away from a gold mine he has stumbled into. Even the McCarran Act is nothing but a catalogue of popular fears and obsessions —some justified, some not. What is really dangerous and regrettable is not the passage of a McCarran Act or the existence of a McCarthy, but the fact that so few people are willing and able to process widespread popular instincts into reasonable discussion and well-thought-out alternatives.

Only four weeks passed between the last elections and the fall of Pyongyang to the Chinese Reds. *The Reporter* thinks it is as important to realize how the American people were misled and unled during the electoral campaign as it is to understand what is at stake in the rout of the U.N. armies in Korea.

In these days it is possible for a democracy to do what is unthinkable in any other form of political organization. A democracy can grow sloppy and torpid, but in moments of great national emergency all men who have a measure of public responsibility immediately know what things to do, say, and keep silent about. The few whose decisions affect the lives of the many must now suit their actions to their responsibilities. To delude the people during an election campaign is a bad but old habit. To delude and mislead them in times of national emergency is treason.

We can become a much more mature, sober nation, thanks to what the enemy has done to us in Korea. But sobriety and maturity must not come as an order from the White House. They must be evidenced, without the need of any password, by all people in positions of authority, by the local trade union or business leader, by the minister in the neighborhood church, as well as by the Congress of the United States.

—Max Ascoli

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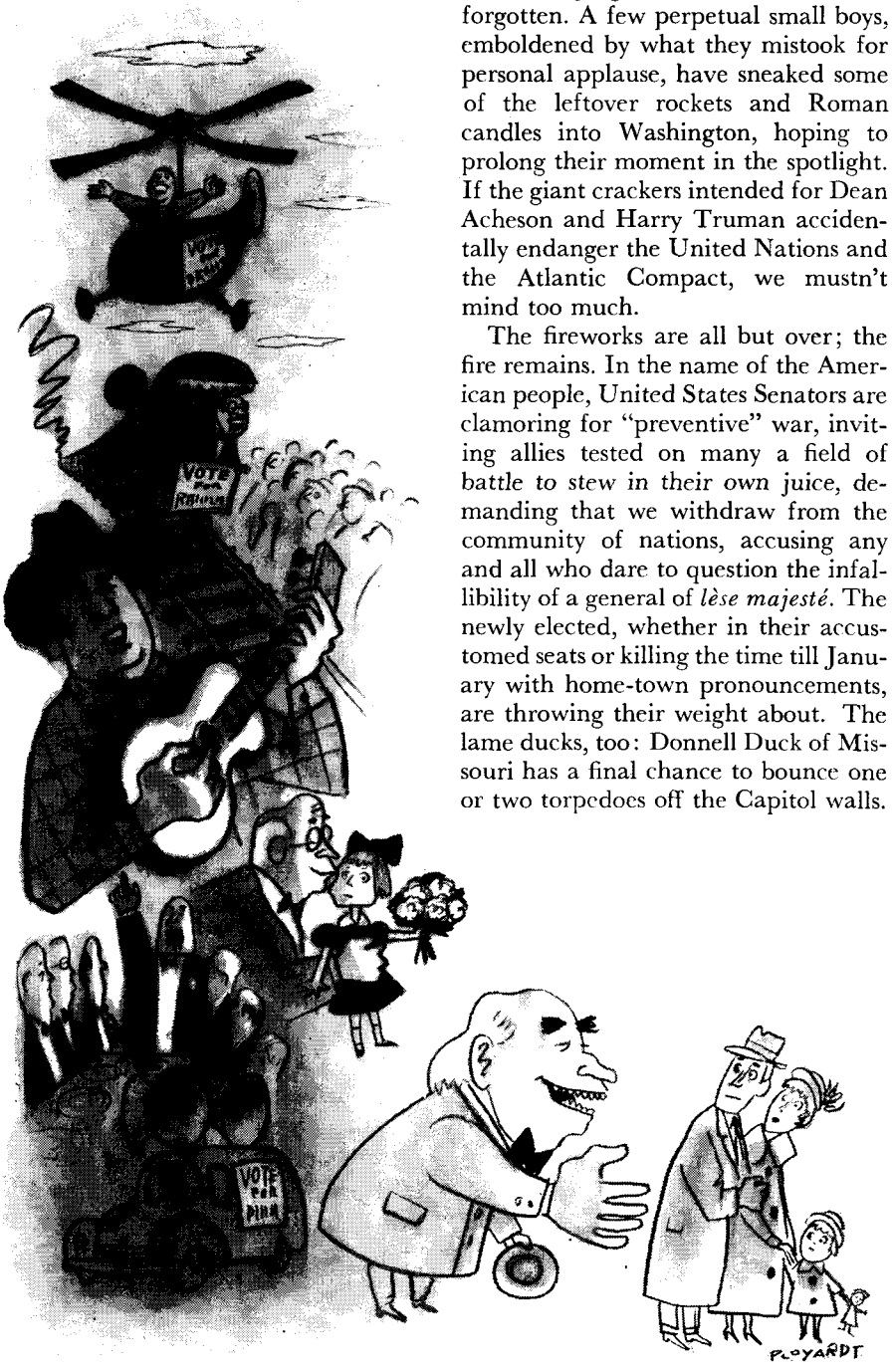
High Policy And Low Politics



The campaign fireworks are all but forgotten. A few perpetual small boys, emboldened by what they mistook for personal applause, have sneaked some of the leftover rockets and Roman candles into Washington, hoping to prolong their moment in the spotlight. If the giant crackers intended for Dean Acheson and Harry Truman accidentally endanger the United Nations and the Atlantic Compact, we mustn't mind too much.

The fireworks are all but over; the fire remains. In the name of the American people, United States Senators are clamoring for "preventive" war, inviting allies tested on many a field of battle to stew in their own juice, demanding that we withdraw from the community of nations, accusing any and all who dare to question the infallibility of a general of *lèse majesté*. The newly elected, whether in their accustomed seats or killing the time till January with home-town pronouncements, are throwing their weight about. The lame ducks, too: Donnell Duck of Missouri has a final chance to bounce one or two torpedoes off the Capitol walls.

Didn't we give them a "mandate" to raise hell—these men who say they speak for all of us? Or is Joseph R. McCarthy of Wisconsin, whose name was on no ballot anywhere, mistaken in supposing that he recently received forty-eight certificates of good behavior, one from each state? It is a trifle late to ask. It is very late for those who, having no stomach for McCarthy the man, voted for his "respectable" friends. It is late indeed for those who resolved deep misgivings with a casual "Oh, what the hell's the difference; they're *all* politicians." It is certainly too late to examine the credentials of men who are already in—for two years or six.

But it is not too late to have another look at the "mandate" they received. It was a mandate susceptible of broad interpretation, especially since the men who got it are now confronted with tasks the magnitude of which they could not have foreseen on Election Day. Still, it is the only guide we have to go by. So it is important to know exactly what it was the American people tried to say last November 7. They themselves need to know, since the fate of the world hangs on a hundred and one "interpretations" of the verdict; if they are being misquoted, how can they obviate the grave consequences of misinterpretation? Did what they tried to say come through at all? Did they in truth have any reasonable opportunity to register the perhaps formless thing they felt—just that and no more; no *either-or* Taft-Ferguson choices?

These are questions that will not wait till 1952. We must re-examine now, before it is too late, the things which, taken together, are supposed to have constituted a "mandate" for the Formosa Firsters. What actually were the factors that went to make up the total result?

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First, there were what the analysts call "the overriding factors"; and first among these was "the normal off-year swing." The Republicans picked up five Senate seats, twenty-seven in the House, and enough governorships for a majority. Wyoming elected a G.O.P. governor, Congressman, and legislature to wrest control from the Democrats for the first time since 1934. Montana Republicans also captured both houses of their legislature. Indiana sent Capehart back to the Senate, presented its Democratic governor with a hostile state senate, and won nine of eleven Congress places, one of them for the first time since 1928. A dozen Western and Midwestern states followed the parade.

On the other hand, Washington Democrats walked off with a Senator and two of six Representatives, captured the state senate, and held the house. Connecticut ousted a Democratic governor but kept both Democratic Senators. Minnesota stuck by an able Republican governor and reelected a Democratic-Farmer Labor Congressman in the only close contest.

There were G.O.P. victories that raised more questions than they answered. Pennsylvania elected a Senator and a governor who in the primary had declared war on the existing party organization. California chose the most partisan of Senators, and a governor who credits his unprecedented popularity to nonpartisan liberalism. New York elected a Republican governor who is anathema to the party's Midwestern branch.

The "factor" of economy vs. spending had been stressed in ten thousand speeches; but here, too, the verdict was a trifle fuzzy. Americans across their prosperous country voted down nearly $300 million in bond issues; but they approved an even larger total, much of it for veterans' and old-age assistance. Representative-elect Brownson of Indiana laid his surprise victory to a house-to-house campaign based on the rising cost of living; a Democratic loser in Massachusetts complained he could get nowhere because wages were good and dinner pails full.

It was said that there had been a nation-wide revolt against political bosses. In New York both major parties offered slates arranged in the proverbial smoke-filled rooms; the voters accepted a Senator from one

slate, a governor from the other, and, recoiling from both of the major parties' mayoral candidates in New York, City, elevated a man for no apparent reason other than that he said he was "unbossed." Rhode Island swallowed a boss-picked slate without blinking. And Nevadans bought a curious parlay which enabled a Democratic Senator and his Republican protégé-candidate for governor to win by almost identical margins.

The voters had been warned to repel the welfare state, and they responded with varying degrees of alarm and unconcern. Democratic Senatorial candidates in Colorado and California peddled the whole Truman package and lost. In Illinois Majority Leader Lucas disavowed all and also lost. Senator Lehman of New York discarded only the Brannan Plan and won. Governor Williams of Michigan ran almost wholly on the record of his "Little Fair Deal" and squeaked through in a state that sent its hard core of anti-New Deal, anti-Fair Deal Congressmen back to Washington.

The Chicago *Tribune*, discerning in the results a triumph for its long fight against British rule, announced that the deciding factor had been what might be described as "McIsolationism": a combination of McCarthyism and its more familiar parent. There is no doubt that this was used, and that in certain specific races it had a devastating impact. The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* noted that among those who preyed on the feelings of parents of servicemen and potential servicemen some outstanding examples included Senator Donnell of Missouri, Senator-elect Dirksen of Illinois (who delighted in the figure "windrows of young men marching away"), and the Rev. Bill Alexander of Oklahoma (who said that "your boys would not be dying in Korea today if a man named Owen Lattimore hadn't been the big adviser to the State Department!"). But Donnell and Alexander did not win; and a check by the Milwaukee *Journal* turned up an interesting statistic: In nine of the Wisconsin cities where Senator McCarthy appeared on behalf of the ticket, the G.O.P. vote went below that for 1948.

There were other, less publicized "factors," some of them not without a certain wry humor. It was said that the fact that Governor-elect Pyle's had been voted "the top radio voice in Arizona" did not hurt him. Some normally Democratic counties in Colorado went Republican because of dissatisfaction with Washington's mining policies. A Republican loser in California explained that the San Francisco papers felt he was "too conservative." A Democrat in Connecticut laid his victory to "my having tried to be of service to my constituents at all times." One Democratic loser in Illinois simply said he belonged to the wrong party in a Republican year; another blamed the Kefauver committee's disclosures of Chicago police graft. A shelved Kansan cited "booze, complacency, and Republicanism," in that order. Minority Leader Martin modestly admitted that his inevitable victory was "of a personal nature." An Oregon Republican credited his reelection to his labors for the development of his state's natural resources. A Pennsylvania Republican attributed a slight increase in his majority to the fact that his voting record in the Eighty-first Congress had been less conservative than that in the Eightieth.

The Des Moines *Register* and *Tribune* unearthed voters who had reduced the suffrage problem to the simple rule of voting for farmers and against lawyers.

The one thing that stood out clearly

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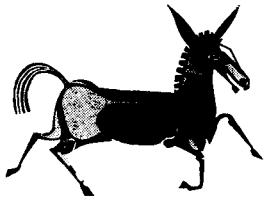
was this: Against a background of anxiety over the threat of war and the cost of being prepared for it that brought the voters out in record off-year numbers, the American people elected fifteen thousand public officers no ten of whom perceived the same perils in precisely the same terms, or offered the same solutions, if any. If there was any "mandate," it was a perhaps unconscious one to re-examine the whole costly, time-consuming, inconclusive system that has not been changed since oil-lamp days.

The pluralism—one might almost say atomization—of issues had, despite the biennial expressions of editorial surprise and concern, the invariable and inevitable consequences it has faithfully produced for over a century, only more so.

First, it precluded the emergence of any clear-cut party program to which anything like a majority of Americans could enthusiastically adhere. Party platforms are drafted only in Presidential years. Those of 1948 are long forgotten. (Which is perhaps just as well, since in June and July of 1948 American boys were not fighting under the United Nations flag in Korea, and being killed by Chinese armed with Russian weapons.) The result was that in the recent campaign some candidates behaved as if the menace of world Communism did not exist; others acted as if they thought that dividing every military and foreign-aid appropriation by their grandmothers' ages would solve everything; a few behaved as if they thought Chiang Kai-shek could lead us all to peace and plenty; and quite a few behaved as though they thought shooting Dean Acheson would cause Joe Stalin to drop dead.



The appeal to the voters could not even be reduced to the comfortingly simple boast that "we [the Republican Party] can do whatever has to be done and do it better," since Taft, who won an impressive personal victory as a Republican, apparently does not think Morse, who won an equally impressive victory as a Republican, would interpret the meaning of their victories as faithfully in the Senate Foreign Relations Committee as Knowland, on whom the voters expressed no opinion whatever this year.

Second, pluralism contributed to two voter reactions, neither of which will do either party any good in the long run. One is voter apathy, which, if it is not on the increase, certainly is not declining. The other is the admittedly steady rise in the number of so-called independent, or ticket-splitting, voters.

This in turn underlines the third consequence of political atomization in America, which is the increasing (or at least increasingly alarming) lack of effective agents to pull some of the loose ends together.

To the naive it might appear that the parties' national committees would be the logical agencies. Actually, the national committees do not even have the field to themselves: Each party also has Senate and Congressional campaign committees, state committees, county committees, and committees for John Doe for surrogate. In the circumstances, all of them exist to raise money with which to provide the physical machinery of communication. The substance of what was to be communicated—national policy—was left to the individual candidates, most of whom played by ear.

Labor, which had loudly proclaimed its readiness to bind together the loose fagots of at least the major portion of the majority party, demonstrated that it could not even bind labor's rank and file. In Ohio, where it concentrated its greatest effort against Taft, labor made about every mistake in the book, beginning with a third-rate opposition candidate and ending with a comic-book approach that was on the intellectual level of Radio Moscow. In New Hampshire, it backed Tobey in the bitter G.O.P. primary, only to drop him for a party hack in the election. It helped elect Hennings in Missouri, and helped topple Tydings in Maryland. With apparently equal enthusiasm it backed Lehman in New York and McCarran in Nevada. For its climactic rally for the Democratic ticket in Illinois, it chose as featured speaker one "Tubbo" Gilbert, a candidate for the high office of sheriff.

Of that long succession of "splinter" parties that have sprung up in this country since the 1880's for the express purpose of getting more meaningful issues and candidates before the people, the handful that remained disappointed earnest independents who had believed in them. In Minnesota a faction of the old Farmer Labor Party all but wrecked the newly conjoined Democratic-Farmer Labor Party. In North Dakota the Nonpartisan League held on out of sheer spite. In New York the American Labor Party continued to play footie with the Kremlin, and the Liberal Party sat down with Tammany to decide what the voters would get.

As a catalytic agent the U.S. press, which prides itself that this sort of thing is its special prerogative, made a very spotty record that ranged from admirable to incredible. California, Ohio, and Maryland papers were shamelessly biased—against the Democratic ticket. Southern papers almost without exception noted that the returns gave the Southern bloc in Congress decisive power; few undertook to tell their representatives how to use it.

In general, however, the press was better at printing reams of the sort of news that makes the raw material of public issues than it was at summing them up simply, fairly, and bluntly; and at pointing out the not always apparent relationship between issues and candidates whose silences meant more than their promises. Finally, beyond the usual tut-tutting on the editorial page at what was printed on page one, the press failed signally to blow the referee's whistle on fouls that went beyond anything in recent memory.

As Russell Reeves, columnist of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, remarked: "Politics as a profession or science has not progressed materially since the days of the torchlight parades. . . . Politicians . . . perform before an endless succession of campaign rallies attended exclusively by political hacks, and they campaign by defaming their opponents and the rival party with a monumental array of misstatements, half-truths, twisted facts and out-and-out lies. . . . Public apathy in elections has been properly deplored, but it may be that part of it is public disgust."

Still, the candidates went through their usual turns. They took wing: some in helicopters, some in private planes, some in chartered commercial liners. They kissed babies, dodged questions, nibbled clams, oysters, bar-

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becued beef and pork, and cold fried chicken. In the aggregate they traveled five million miles by air, train, bus, car, trailer, bicycle, horse, cabin cruiser, and foot; shook twenty-five million moist hands; smiled fifty million forced smiles; gargled forty thousand gallons of mouthwash; swallowed twenty-five thousand aspirin tablets; and asked themselves several billion times why they were doing it all.

For one thing, the 1950 election cost at least a hundred million dollars, littered city streets and country billboards with a million tons of paper that may soon be in short supply, and dissipated ten million man-hours of energy that might better have been devoted to preparing for what may lie ahead.

For more important reasons, the poor voter will ask himself why we cling to this archaic system—even if the pundits (and his natural lethargy) advise him just to write the whole thing off as harmless horseplay that somehow miraculously produces the best of all possible governments.

First because, if what the candidates said about the gravity of the crisis was even half true, it is apparent that we are not living in the times when two battalions of Marines could enforce foreign policy, and Secretaries of State could correct the fatuous errors of a Borah. On the contrary, we are living in a time when people may well ask themselves whether their elected representatives can any longer form policy, internal or external; or whether the most powerful democracy in the world, unable to control events, is prepared to let events control it.

Second because, despite all the soothing words that are being said to conceal the fact, atomization was more noticeable in 1950 than it had been in 1948 or any previous year; and because it must be obvious that, unless arrested, by 1952 it will be even more pronounced.

Third because, although we are daily assured that what is happening is "healthy," that it represents nothing more than a "wholesome realignment" of political forces, and that more ticket splitters will make for "better, sounder government," the road we are traveling would not stop long at complete fragmentation. What are still called major parties become constellations of twenty, and the twenty break into an infinite number of unpolarized political planets revolving erratically about each other, until the fiction has finally to be dropped, and one single party becomes the receiver in democratic bankruptcy.

The ebb and flow of popular clamor for an Eisenhower, to be nominated by all parties and factions-within-parties and elected by delirious acclamation, betrays this very sickness of democracy. The time has come for basic decisions well in advance of the day when the campaign madness will again fill the air. The thing to do is ask the people. But on the record piled up before and during the last election, how can they answer?

Perhaps one way has been suggested by an independent newspaper. In an open letter to the twelve Republican Senators who signed Margaret Chase Smith's Declaration of Conscience, the Toledo *Blade* cautioned the world against misinterpreting Taft's amazing victory. "The administration's foreign policy was not repudiated in this state." "McCarthyism is not rampant in Ohio." "Senator Taft is not our 'favorite son' in any presidential sense." "Taft did not get a mandate from the people." "Never were more votes cast for any candidate with less enthusiasm and greater reservations."

Ordinary citizens may have less spectacular opportunities than a great newspaper to reorient their self-oriented, disoriented representatives between regular elections. The humblest citizen can raise his fist and shout, whenever a McCarthy has the gall to claim to speak for all hundred and fifty million of us: "Not I, Senator; you do not even speak my tongue!"

—Llewellyn White

Can Our Party System Be Reformed?

Two days after the election, a Republican leader, widely assumed to be Senator Owen Brewster of Maine, was quoted by the Wall Street Journal:

"We have the ideal setup. We have power without responsibility."

Nicely timed to coincide with the mid-century low-water mark in party politics, a report entitled *Toward a More Responsible Two-Party System* was published this fall by the American Political Science Association—the fruit of four years' work by a committee of sixteen professors.

Popular government in a nation the size of the United States, say the political scientists, depends on parties that provide the electorate with a proper range of choice among alternatives of action. The parties should be "democratic, responsible, and effective." At present, they are little more than "loose confederations of state and local machines," capable neither of gaining popular support nor of formulating policies and programs.

Foreign policy, according to the report, is a conspicuous example of this failure. It quotes Walter Lippmann's comment that a bipartisan foreign policy requires "two organized parties, each with its recognized leaders in the field of foreign affairs. Today neither party is organized. Neither party has leaders in the field of foreign affairs. In this chaos no Secretary of State can function successfully." Too long the semblance of a bipartisan foreign pollicy has been maintained in the tired, ailing person of Arthur Vandenberg.

Turning to suggested reforms, the report carefully avoids the usual ivory-tower panaceas. It dismisses the parliamentary Cabinet-type party system as unsuited to the United States, and stresses recommendations that can be accomplished within the present constitutional framework.

The national convention, which is "unwieldy, unrepresentative and less than responsible," can be transformed from a circus into a democratic and

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deliberative organ by reducing its size to five or six hundred delegates more equitably apportioned among the states, and meeting every two years instead of four.

The national committeemen should be compelled to recognize the authority of the convention rather than that of their individual state organizations. When meeting, they should cast weighted votes based on the actual strength of their party within their respective states.

A new party organ, the council, comprising the top fifty national and state leaders, should be established. Meeting at least four times a year, it would be the brain trust and "the forum and testing place of plans and personalities."

The party platform should be elevated from its present state of meaninglessness to become a symbol of the party's emphasis on program rather than personalities. It should be drafted by the party council, debated at length before adoption by the convention, and accepted as a binding party obligation by members and public alike. In Congress, party discipline—admittedly an explosive term—is not to be a mindless discipline enforced from above, but "self-discipline which stems from free identification with aims one helps to define."

A walk through Democratic and Republican national headquarters, only a few blocks apart on Connecticut Avenue, is sufficient to impress one with the monumental problem of initiating party reform from the top. I called on a high party official who has something of a reputation for the streamlined efficiency he has brought to his party's organization. He is a portly man, jovial but earnest.

No, he said, he had not heard of the report.

I mentioned briefly the problems that it attempts to solve. He looked at me tolerantly.

"Are things any different now than ever before?" he asked.

I quoted something from the report on party responsibility in the present critical time in America's history. He seemed disturbed.

"I just don't get the flow between us," he said wistfully. "I just don't understand your questions."

—Douglass Cater

The C.I.O.—Unanimity Without Unity

On the third morning of the CIO's recent convention in Chicago, a telegram arrived from a group of seamen saying: THREE CHEERS FOR THE CIO—KICK THE COMMIES OUT. The delegates, who had kicked the Communists out the year before, applauded regretfully; they only wished they had something as positive to do this time.

The expulsion of the Communists has given the CIO one problem in place of another. The purge didn't cost much in membership. (President Philip Murray reported that almost three-quarters of the nine hundred thousand workers in the expelled Communist-led unions have returned to the CIO.) But without the anti-Communist issue to hold them together, CIO leaders have begun to fall out among themselves.

Since last year's Cleveland convention, there has been talk of a split between Walter Reuther, president of the United Auto Workers, and Philip Murray, representing more or less the rest of the CIO. Nothing as clear as a formal break has come about, but the tension is undeniable.

Walter Reuther

Philip Murray

Reuther is considerably resented by other national leaders. They are jealous of him, and irritated by his tendency to speak in the name, not only of the auto workers, but of the CIO and labor, not to mention humanity. To many, moreover, he has become the symbol of an overelaborate, overintellectual trade-unionism. There has been a shadowy alignment of "Reutherites" and "anti-Reutherites"—a minority of "social engineers," "longhairs," and "British-type socialists" on one side, and the "pork-chop unionists" on the other. The two groups are watching each other warily.

At Chicago, only a few delegates tried to force an open schism. Joseph Fisher, president of the utility union, let it be known that he intended to "smoke the

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socialists out." He used the issue of public power, about which he had written in the November *Readers' Digest:* "Nationalization of the power industry is creeping up on us under the guise of flood control, navigation control, and the development of our natural resources. . . . We look with alarm on Government power projects . . . We are opposed to Communists, Fascists, Nazis, or any other subversive groups . . . We are opposed to socialism or any other 'ism.' . . ." In the resolutions committee, he opposed the motion to extend TVA principles to other areas of the country. Five of the thirty committee members voted with him.

The general quality of anti-Reutherism is less aggressive. It seems to lie in a rather vague distrust of "college men with ideas," and a preference for uncomplicated trade-unionism, confined, by and large, to wages and hours. In part, also, it is an aftereffect of the CIO's long internal war with the Communists. Both the pro- and anti-Reutherites are uncompromisingly against the Communists. But the Reuther people have positive and sweeping political ambitions for labor. Many other workers, having been exposed to the Communists' kind of political action, are interested in politics mainly as an anti-Communist weapon. According to a Reuther follower, this has left them with an "overworked and undernourished notion of what anti-Communism should be."

When the first draft of the legislative program came before the Resolutions Committee, for example, every demand for Congressional action declared, in its preface, that the proposal would help defeat Communism; the word "Communism" appeared thirteen times in the preamble alone. "For God's sake!" exploded Emil Mazey, secretary of Reuther's United Auto Workers, "I'm not for social security because it defeats Communism. I'm for social security because I *like* it."

The November election results might have aggravated the split, had the national leaders not agreed in advance to avoid any public post-mortems.

Privately, some pork-chop unionists regarded the election results as a personal lesson for Reuther, who has been the most articulate, or at least the most publicized, advocate of political action. They believed labor had over-

Paul Douglas

extended itself and suffered a serious defeat, proving that unions did not belong in big-time politics. They concurred heartily with organizational director Allan Haywood, who told his staff at a closed meeting, "The big thing is that we still have our unions." To which someone added, "Thank God!"

Most CIO leaders, however, were glad to accept the argument offered by Political Action Director Jack Kroll, who told the convention that labor doesn't have "a damned thing to apologize for." This group believed CIO-PAC did well for an off-year election, and would do sufficiently better to win in 1952 by perfecting its existing political machinery.

The Reutherites agreed with neither view. They considered the majority "blindly complacent," and would have liked to re-examine CIO strategy, particularly in relation to the Democratic Party. Only one top leader, George Baldanzi of the Textile Workers, raised this question on the floor.

He charged that in the election labor had been induced by the Democratic Party to endorse "a lot of racketeers and political hacks," and added that American workers would no sooner follow the CIO-PAC in electing corrupt or unworthy candidates than they would if the Democrats or Republicans sponsored them. He said he did not advocate a third party at this time, but urged that the CIO should at least become more independent of the Democratic Party. The convention listened with little enthusiasm.

Reuther himself, who is frequently more cautious than his supporters, said practically nothing at all. His own union had done well in its home state of Michigan, electing a governor and five Congressmen, and helping raise the Democratic vote in Detroit from forty-six per cent in 1946 to sixty-two per cent in 1950. Presumably all this demonstrated the effectiveness of his theories, and he left it at that.

With their leader silent, the run of the Reutherites did their grumbling in lobbies and bars. There was no doubt that they agreed with Baldanzi. "Maybe I shouldn't say this out loud," one of them said. "But when I see workers voting down some flannel-mouthed, double-talking, belly-crawling Democrat who either doesn't know his party's program or doesn't give a damn, I get a deep, warm feeling of joy."

The Reutherites felt also that labor's election program was too self-centered to win middle-class support, and they passed from hand to hand a copy of the UAW newspaper that said: "Labor must have a broader approach. . . . [It] cannot win elections against people like Taft when it campaigns on the very narrow basis of issues that directly

Adlai Stevenson

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affect only labor." It remained for two outsiders, both tested allies of the labor movement, to enlarge on this theme. Governor Adlai Stevenson of Illinois, a leader of Americans for Democratic Action, who was elected in 1948 largely through labor's efforts, said in his welcoming address: "I suggest that union organization in this country has reached a point of power and responsibility where it simply cannot afford to engage its major energies on non-essentials. . . . union members [should not] insist upon preferred treatment through threats of political reprisal. . . . Proper, fair wages and working conditions, yes; special privileges for labor. . . . to win votes, no."

Senator Paul Douglas pinned this thought down in a frank discussion of the Taft-Hartley Act. "Labor is an extremely important and valuable element in modern society," he said, "but it is not the only element. . . . I believe the Taft-Hartley law should be repealed, but I also . . . believe that in the framing of a new law, certain principles of mutuality should be taken into account. I believe, for instance, that an employer should bargain collectively with labor . . . but, by the same token, there is a reciprocal obligation upon labor to bargain collectively with employers. . . . Secondly, I am one who believes that if workers and employers voluntarily agree to a closed shop . . . it is then an obligation of the union to make entrance into that union relatively free. . . . A closed shop and an open union can be defended to the death, but not a closed shop and a closed union. . . ." The convention listened in silence. President Murray thanked Senator Douglas for his "very imaginative report"; and the delegates then unanimously reaffirmed their demand for repeal of the whole Taft-Hartley Act.

Despite the undercurrent of "long-hair" and "pork-chop" factionalism, the unanimous vote was typical of the convention. Of sixty resolutions, ranging from foreign policy, social security, and rent control to forest management and air-mail subsidies, fifty-nine were carried without a dissenting voice. For the time being, anyway, the CIO has preserved its unity, to "supply," as Philip Murray said, "spiritual and moral leadership not only at home but throughout the entire universe."

—CLAIRE NEIKIND

The Case for and Against Europe

It began, I think, in the early months of this year. It was then that some American newspapers, some political men, and even a religious leader or so started to belittle and cast doubt upon Europe. At first only a few professional patriots, a few full-time anti-Europeans, demanded a radical change in U.S. policy toward Europe. Gradually these people were joined by serious and important men representing serious and important forces in American life.

Last April when I was in Paris an article in *Time* astounded the French. It attributed French military weakness to the "cowardice and stupidity" of the French government. That kind of language, used to describe statesmen of an

Herbert Hoover

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allied nation, was then unusual in the American press. It no longer is.

Three months later I received a letter from a Republican Senator serving on the Committee on Foreign Relations—a man who has always been friendly toward Europe. The Senator wrote: "A question is constantly brought to my attention; it is this—that we will simply waste our money in providing Atlantic Pact funds as far as France is concerned. I am told that there is no use in our arming France at this time because ninety-five per cent of the people would go over to the Communists the next day if war broke out . . . and the same about Italy . . . this report is very persistent." The letter was so startling and revealing that I showed it at once to certain members of the French Government. They were shocked. But since that time they have heard all sorts of Americans express the same attitude.

When I reached America on my present trip, the first thing I saw was Mr. Hoover's statement explaining that if this weakness, this defeatism, this laziness in Europe were as real as people said they were, ". . . we had better quit talking and paying, and consider holding the Atlantic Ocean with Britain . . . as one frontier, and the Pacific Ocean with an armed Japan and other islands as the other frontier." Mr. Hoover's position is the logical result of America's prevailing suspicion of Europe. Other political figures share his attitude; now, after the elections, the campaign against the Administration's European policy is in the open.

The American public now has to make a difficult decision: Can America count on Europe as an ally? Should America continue to help Europe and be closely associated with Europe? Nothing could be more dangerous than an attempt not to face this problem or to underrate its importance.

The case against Europe and, consequently, against the Administration's European policy is not being formulated by one political group alone; it is the product of all sorts of very different men. But it can be stated clearly in its principal lines. This is what the anti-Europeans are saying:

First of all, that Europe will not fight when the showdown comes between Stalin's empire and the West, for Europe is defeatist and will collapse at once. Three months ago, Father John Cavanaugh, president of Notre Dame University, returned from a trip abroad and said that the Italians ask themselves: "If Russia closes off the possibility of another front by coming through France and Italy, should we greet them at the border or resist? And apparently they think their better chance is to greet." That is Mr. Hoover's view: The failure of the European nations to do their share in mobilizing against the threat of Communism has raised a serious question among competent observers whether these nations have the will to fight.

Drew Pearson

Second, Europe could not be defended against the Russians, anyway. This thesis is advanced by certain military groups and also by civilian military experts. They say that it would be hopeless to fight in Europe even if Europe had the will to resist and were armed by the United States. They base their calculation on the fact that at the end of the last war there were five hundred Red divisions in the field against Hitler, while at the maximum the West had no more than ninety. They conclude that in a war against Russia America could do no more than bomb strategically and could not hold the Rhine or any other continental line of defense. Senator Robert A. Taft, the day after being re-elected, asked: "Is it [the continent of Europe] defensible at all?"

Third, the Marshall Plan has already accomplished its purpose. Henceforth it should be ended entirely or greatly diminished. European nations are now producing at their prewar level; there is no longer any reason for the United States to help them. Secretary of the Treasury John Snyder agrees that they are now able to pay their own way. The Marshall Plan was aimed at remedying the dollar deficit created by the fact that America, after the war, had steadily exported more than it had imported, producing the "dollar gap." Now that the dollar gap is closed, American imports and exports are balanced. This statement is illustrated in popular magazines by graphs showing two meeting curves, captioned: "There is no dollar gap." The conclusion, of course, is that trade between the Atlantic nations must be allowed to take its course.

Fourth, it follows that the huge expenditure for military aid to Europe should be entirely re-examined. In 1951, the United States will pay about half of the French military budget, two-thirds of the Italian budget, a third of the British budget, and so forth. But is this logical? After all, these nations are rich and industrialized. Why can't they pay for their own armies and their own defense? Why does the United States have to pay for everyone? Senator Tom Connally has said: "They cannot expect us to rush over there and defend them unless they do their utmost. . . . We cannot go on indefinitely giving large amounts of money and supplies to every country that needs it; our economy won't stand it."

Fifth, if Europe is not making the effort it should, the main reason is that it is undermined by an enormous Communist Party, which sabotages national morale and prevents all action. This is a major point in American suspicion of Europe. Americans say: "Look at France. You have one Communist out of every five Frenchmen. And in Italy it's worse." About a month ago, Drew Pearson wrote: "About fifteen per cent of the French Army is Communist, under Vichy officers. The two don't mix. France could not stand up against the Red Army more than forty-eight hours." So Europe is diseased; Communism is growing in its body.

Sixth, to develop any strength at all,

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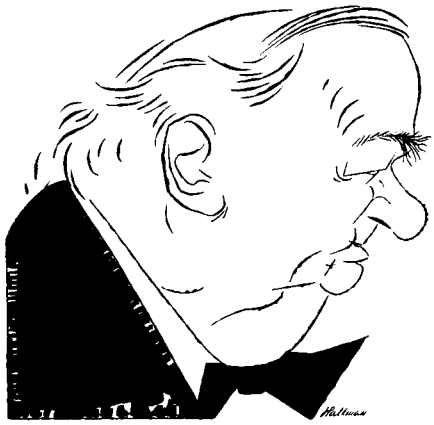
Europe would have to unite. For these last three years the United States has insisted again and again that the only way Europe could resist the Stalinist threat was to break down national frontiers, federate, pool all resources. Europe did little in this direction. Benelux, the Franco-Italian customs union, the Strasbourg assembly, the OEEC—all these efforts seem to have failed. The projected European Army is stalled; the Fontainebleau general staff has no armies to command. Now European leaders are asking that resources be pooled by the Atlantic Pact countries, integrating the United States and Europe. They want an Atlantic Army with unified command and a common military budget; they ask the United States to enter an Atlantic financial pool. The Americans will not commit themselves when Europe won't unite.

Finally, there is the emotional argument. The more—say the Americans—the more we help Europe, the more Europeans detest us and jeer at us. They are never grateful. They are bitter. Last month, sixteen editors came from abroad to travel through the United States. In Texas, they heard Jenkin L. Jones of the Tulsa *Tribune* tell them: "Our satisfaction in our good intentions is shadowed by a dark cloud—and that cloud is growing darker. Many Americans fear that we are being played for suckers."

Roughly outlined, these are the political, military, economic, and emotional arguments against the Administration's European policy. They constitute the case against Europe.

The groups which advance these arguments have a duty to suggest alternatives. They have found two—neither of which is a return to isolationism.

The first is that Europe become a "carbon copy" of the United States—somewhat weaker and blurred, like all carbon copies. This policy is the "get-tough" policy. Since Europe has not succeeded in organizing itself, has made no real effort toward self-defense, has not disinfected itself of Communism, America must tell Europe what to do and see that it is done. The same taxes, the same economic measures, the same anti-Communist repression, must be put into effect in Europe as in the United States; if not, economic and military assistance will stop. *Time* states the policy clearly: "The U.S.



Senator Tom Connally

State Department has simply failed to tell France's timorous middle-of-the-road politicians bluntly that, in the present crisis, the Western world [meaning Washington] cannot afford France's politics-as-usual nor her sloppy tolerance of Communism." Cyrus L. Sulzberger of the New York *Times* refers with apparent approval to people "who say that the time has come for the United States to assert its leadership on a ticklish question by insistence rather than reasoning."

The second policy can be called "the policy of the islands." The United States must concentrate all its resources on its own war measures and base its defense on two "unsinkable aircraft carriers," Britain and Japan. This policy is based on the thesis that Europe cannot be defended against the Russian Army and that the United States cannot afford to disperse its military and economic resources in a series of local wars. Consequently, the United States draws a line which Stalin must not cross; if he does so the reply will be an immediate atomic attack on Moscow. In this plan, European territory is defended only as a *casus belli;* any aggression direct or indirect, any inspired revolution, means an American ultimatum to Moscow. This is the view of Mr. Hoover and Harold Stassen; it is implied by Senator Taft. Its effects on present policy are defined by Brigadier General Bonners Feller: ". . . we should terminate the Marshall Plan without delay. The Point Four Program should not be started. And our domestic economy should be pared to the bone. The Military Assistance Program . . . also should be terminated immediately."

These two policies are finding increasing support in the United States. Separate or combined, they are a logical conclusion to the accusations made against Europe. But have these accusations been proved?

First, the question "Will Europe fight?" is an abstraction; it makes no sense. It is evident that, if the Russians attacked next week, Europe could not fight back, for it has nothing to fight with. Under these circumstances no one can ask Europe to fight. But American policy consists precisely in making every effort to build European military strength so that, within a year, or a year and a half, Europe will have something to fight with. Only after Europe has an army will it make sense to ask whether Europe will fight.

Second: "But even if Europe has an army, can it be defended?" Under present conditions and in a war analogous to the Second World War, the answer obviously is "No," and the military experts are right. For if we manage forty divisions in Europe—the goal for 1952—they would still be outnumbered three or four to one.

But it is not at all certain that strategy and armament in a third world war would resemble strategy and armament in the Second World War. This consideration is too often neglected. The military who today calculate on the basis of the Second World War—or the Korean War, a last fragment of the Second World War—are perhaps making the same mistake that the French made in 1939, when they thought in terms of the First World War.

There are new forms of warfare that can completely upset all estimates of the power of Soviet armored divisions. Last May, General Bradley announced that it might become possible to use atomic bombing at the tactical level. New arms change the terms of the problem; they might permit thirty or forty divisions to hold the European line. Once again—as so often in history—a new military strategy may render all our customary calculations obsolete.

Third, the idea that Europe is now back on its feet economically, that the dollar gap is closed, is an optical illusion. It is true that European production has risen to its prewar level. But that does not mean that European countries live at prewar standards. A

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nation does not live on its production alone; it lives also on its capital assets. Each of the last two world wars cut Europe's capital assets by half. European nations have only a quarter of their 1914 capital. Europe is producing, but a large share of production goes to make up loss of capital. Consequently, if the prewar standard of living is ever to be attained, production must be not equal to but twice prewar.

Furthermore, it is quite true that America is importing about as much as it exports—but this is true only for world trade, not for American trade with Europe. There, the dollar gap is still very great—more than two billion dollars. U.S. assistance to Europe could be considerably reduced only if Europe could continue to develop a peace economy.

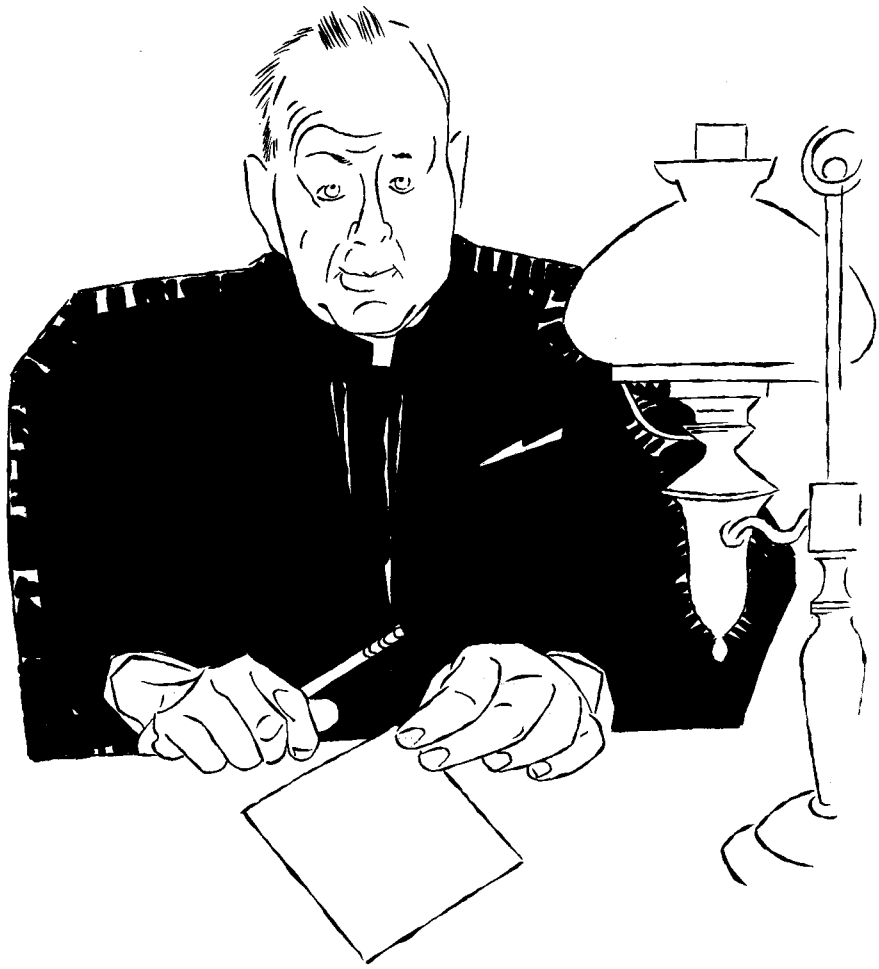
Fourth, it is true that the United States alone is furnishing assistance to all the other countries of the alliance. But this is not because America is making a greater sacrifice than other countries; it is because America is wealthier. The sacrifice, as a fact, is equitably shared. The total estimate for military defense and foreign aid in the American budget for 1951 is $45 billion—fifteen per cent of the nation's income. France, in 1951, will spend nine hundred billion francs on its military and reconstruction programs—exactly fifteen per cent of France's national income. The percentage brought to the common pool is the same; the sacrifice made is the same. But the United States has 150 million inhabitants with an income of $270 billion, whereas western Europe has 270 million inhabitants with an income of $160 billion, and so American participation is greater in absolute value, and can be distributed to the other nations.

Fifth, it is true that influential political groups in Europe would "neutralize" Europe in the cold war and would prefer not to fight as America's allies against Russia. They are convinced that a new war would mean the death of Europe. Nonetheless, in every country of Europe the government remains in the hands of the statesmen who favor the Atlantic Alliance.

As for the percentage of Communists in western Europe, the quoted figures do not show the real situation. When people say that one out of every five Frenchmen is a Communist, they are using the fact that four out of twenty million Frenchmen voted Communist in the last elections. That is one out of five, but the implication that one of every five Frenchmen would be a Stalinist agent in wartime is absolutely false. A Frenchman votes Communist generally because he is dissatisfied and votes as far left as he can. This does not mean that he would betray or sabotage his country. In France, actually, there are 550,000 card-holding members of the Communist Party. The police estimate that a third of this number would follow Stalin's orders in wartime. That means 180,000 possible traitors—that is to say, one Frenchman out of 230.

Sixth, it is true also that attempted European federation has so far been a failure. But to attribute this failure to a lack of will on the part of Europeans, and to wait until integration at the European level has succeeded before creating it at the Atlantic level, is unreasonable. History shows that federations—or close political alliances between nations—have succeeded only when the new unit has the potential power to ward off any existing external threat. At the present time, the only unit which fulfills this condition is the Atlantic Community and not the European community. We must hope that a regional unit will finally be formed by the nations of Europe; an Atlantic Community pooling its resources is vital in this time of peril.

Seventh, there is no denying that many Europeans are bitter and contemptuous toward the United States. Such Europeans everywhere are in a minority. They talk a great deal because it is easy to talk spitefully and it is not so easy to preach respect and friendship—for that can be dull. Then, too, it must be remembered that the main propaganda effort of the Communists is to present America in the most hateful light; they have given up



Father John Cavanaugh of Notre Dame

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trying to make Europeans like Russia. It must be remembered also that emotional relationships between nations are always uncertain, and that policy must not be allowed to become subject to them. Americans, hearing these voices from Europe, must not forget that they have friends there, too; or, hearing at home bitter ex-Europeans, ferociously critical of Europe, must not forget that, like the ex-Communists, such people are loudest in their criticism of that which they have loved.

I am a European. I have tried to weigh each of the arguments in the case against Europe. A great number of them are valueless; others are based on partial truths. But the question that remains is this: Should America's European policy be "re-examined" and modified? Are the supporters of the "carbon-copy" policy and "the policy of the islands" right or wrong?

That leads to another question: What does America want of Europe? For everything depends on the view American policymakers have of the world situation, on how they estimate the struggle with Russia, on what role they want Europe to play.

If American policy is based on the assumption that war is inevitable and near, the logical and probable conclusion is that America's policy toward Europe must be radically changed. If war is coming, and if nothing can stop it, then the two proposed policies can be understood and justified.

Their supporters accept the unavoidable war—consciously or unconsciously. One of them, Governor Dewey, was quite frank about it: "A number of well-informed people tell me that it [a third world war] will come this month [September]. However, I don't believe it. But it is coming eventually." Naturally enough, this view is shared by a large number of professional soldiers.

But if, on the contrary, the basic assumption is that war not only can be avoided but is even improbable, it is America's present policy toward Europe that is entirely justified, the other alternatives that are dangerous. Up till now, American policy has been based on the theory that Russia does not want total war and will continue to use political subversion, economic sabotage, and indirect military aggression. American policy has been aimed at meeting Russia on these three fronts.

Applied to Europe, it has succeeded politically and economically; on the third front it aims, by reinforcing Europe militarily, to prevent a European Korea. It does not consider total war the most immediate of dangers, or even the most probable, and therefore it requires its own distribution of effort and resources. It acts on the theory that the longer war can be stalled off, the stronger Europe can be made.

As a European, I must go further. What would happen if the alternative policies were followed?

The "carbon-copy" policy would strengthen the "neutralist" movement in Europe; it would probably cause the downfall of all pro-Atlantic European political forces. Reacting against Washington's attempt to dictate, Europe would turn toward illusive neutrality, withdraw from the Atlantic Community, seek a compromise with Moscow. America would find itself

Brigadier General Bonners Feller

without allies—and faced with the choice of another Munich or war. That would mean war.

The "islands" policy would create a permanent military void in Europe, and, of course, war would soon fill it. For the Kremlin could not resist the temptation to take over the powerful industrial center which is Europe if it believed that it could do so by means of satellites, as it tried to do in Korea. If Europe remains weak and disarmed, there will almost certainly be a crisis of this kind, to which the American retort could only be world war.

So one reaches a second conclusion: The alternative policies, based on the theory that war is inevitable, would be proved logical and right if adopted, because they would lead inevitably to the war they foresee. There is a classic political rule: Any policy predicated entirely on a foreseen event is likely to bring that event into existence.

The indecision and hesitation that have afflicted American policy in recent months, and especially in recent weeks, already have increased that very European weakness and disunity which so many deplore. In Germany the debate on rearmament, in France the tendencies to talk with Moscow, in Britain the serious opposition to the rearmament program, are the first results of American political uncertainty. Europeans fear that the Hoover-Stassen-Taft view of foreign policy may prevail; they are already withdrawing from the positions they had taken when hope for an Atlantic Alliance still was strong. This withdrawal, this retreat, in turn strengthens the arguments of Mr. Hoover, Stassen, and Senator Taft. Chain reactions are harder to stop than to start.

So we come to a third conclusion: American political indecision, which now is increasing with the growing opposition to the Administration's policies, is acting to increase Europe's own confusion and uncertainty.

As a European, I feel bound to suggest that the controversy about Europe that is now raging in America has not arisen because the case against Europe is so clear, or because the case for Europe is so difficult to defend. The controversy is acute because Americans themselves are not sure of their analysis of the future or what they want the future to be. They must make up their minds. Are they about to take decisions which imply that a general war is inevitable? Or are they still convinced that we can fight and win the world civil war in which we are engaged? The decision is theirs. Once it is made, Europe will no longer be an enigma.

—JEAN-JACQUES SERVAN SCHREIBER

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The A.B.C. of Psychological Warfare

"So you're from the Psychological Warfare Division, eh?" said a front-line colonel to a new arrival in France in 1944. "What in hell is that—something in the Medical Corps?"

Six years later that same arrival, reporting to the Pentagon for a new tour of duty, was greeted by another colonel—this time a leathery old artilleryman—with the remarks, "Psychological warfare, eh? I know. Funny, we've just been thinking about that around here ourselves. The other night a man was saying that the First World War was won by sheer masses of men, and the Second World War by power of weapons, and so we got to asking, What is there left that may win the next one? I'll tell you what I said: 'Maybe it's going to be the force of ideas.' Pleased to meet you."

Not all our colonels—let alone all our legislators—have been thus wholly converted to the uses of ideological ammunition. Many still doubt its power and hold that its missiles generally release only hot air when they burst. Others fear that if we pack them too full of ideology, they may muzzle-burst and go off in our own faces. Yet as a nation we have moved far from the days when the very word "propaganda" was so suspect that the OWI, although chartered to engage in it, had to reassure Congress that it was really just informing people and not propagandizing them at all.

Today we are on the point of expanding the State Department's existing foreign information work (press, radio, films, information centers, and educational exchanges) into a world-girdling "campaign of truth" that will spend well over $100 million in one year. Meanwhile the Army, Navy, and Air Force, along with other special agencies, are at work on related programs of their own, and no one in Washington still calls all this just a "news operation." It is an effort to seize the psychological offensive from the Kremlin, and as such is an act of retaliatory war.

Many of its operators go on using the term "psychological," suggesting that this is a kind of warfare best played by visiting Ph.D.'s. Even the Japanese, in administering their recent "thought control," felt they had better mask it behind a front they called the Joho Kyoku (Board of Information), and Goebbels said that his disruptive Ministry had to do with "Public Enlightenment." The French had a better phrase for it: They called it, in General Jean de Lattre de Tassigny's wartime army, the Section of Attack on Enemy Morale.

But when you decide to wage war on an enemy's morale, rather than simply provide him the latest news bulletins, you find yourself in the business of trying to select, isolate, and smother specific targets—which in turn means that you have to know the target in detail as well as the exact strength and limitations of your own weapons. At bottom you have a paramilitary objective: You want to persuade an enemy force to abandon attitudes and actions that endanger you for ones that will not.

To do this successfully, you find yourself thinking in terms of both grand strategy and tactical infighting. Searching for a doctrine of attack, you find the veterans of propaganda telling you that you must confront the individual at whom you level your sights with a message that he can understand, identify as applying to his own immediate situation, absorb as offering him realistic prospects of personal betterment or relief, and accept as coming from people in whose sincerity and decency of purpose he can trust.

In one sense, these propaganda marching orders are confining. In an-

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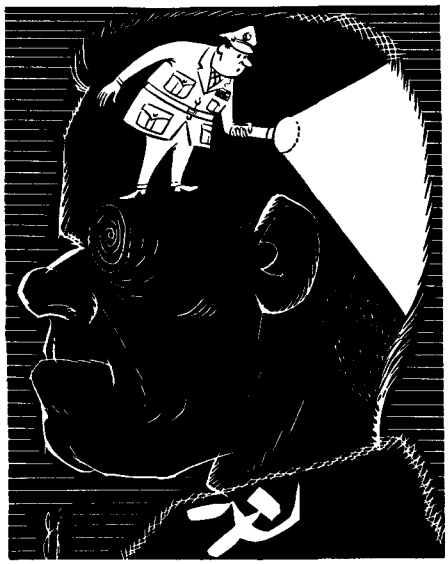
other they are spacious—too spacious for governments whose doctrines are rigid or for policymakers with ingrown habits of thought. They call upon you to project yourself across mountainous barriers right into the mind of the antagonist, which is a hard thing to do when that man's mind is remote and closed, or when your own, in turn, has become closed against his.

Early in the Korean campaign, for instance, the northern invaders dropped upon American troops a shower of leaflets in which they represented themselves as captured G.I.'s who were appealing to their "dear friends" in the American lines to come over to the "toiling people's class" and turn their guns against America's "capital monopolists." "Hooray," they wound up, "for the victory of the People's Army of Korea!" They might as well have left their message in Korean, for all the sense it made to G.I.'s.

Similarly the Germans, leafleting American troops in France, could not resist jibing at "President Rosenfeld" and the "Jewnited States," and using such odd refrains as "There is only one class profiting from any war: *Wallstreet* [sic] *and the Jews!*"

In both cases the propagandists, trying to get under the enemy's skin, made the mistake of trying to transfer their own stock attitudes to him without stopping to think how different his own might be. This is a failing to which Americans, too, can be subject. Early in the last war a flock of advertising men descended upon the OWI with a program of "selling America" by impressing upon the world primarily such facts as the number of our refrigerators, the size of our supermarkets, and the excellence of our cars. Yet they ran into surprising sales resistance. The more we advertised our well-being, the more we ran the risk of alienating rather than attracting less fortunate people. One cynic in the OWI burlesqued his fellow copy writers' efforts with the slogan: THE WAR THAT REFRESHES.

There is, in times of conflict, a natural, angry impetus to lump together all one's opponents as "Huns," "yellow-bellied bastards," "Reds," or "Gooks"; and while this may give added momentum to the assault it also cuts off many avenues of penetration. With it comes a temptation to proclaim uncritically of one's own side that whatever is, is right—which cuts off some more. Kaiser Wilhelm's chest-beating Germans used to go around mouthing *"am deutschen Wesen soll die Welt genesen"*—"The German way shall redeem the world." There are critics who



say we are mouthing the same thing about the American way.

What we are actually trying to say is that the American way is a fair, free, and generous one. Yet there remains the difficulty of making that way fully understandable or meaningful to far-away peoples who have had little experience of it, or little that they have liked. All aspects of it are obviously not equally meaningful to them. Coca-Cola, for instance, now enjoys great popularity on five continents—a fact into which some private oracles have read profound propaganda significance—but can we safely assume from this that those continents are just waiting to be converted wholly to the American image? We are having some trouble converting them even with our shiniest wares—namely our apostleship of free speech, free elections, and free enterprise. The United States Constitution and the Fourteenth Amendment may sound a bit abstract to a barefoot Asian whose dream is to acquire an acre of land.

This leads us to a central point about projecting one's self abroad. Propaganda, or the organized attempt to persuade others to follow ideas that they either haven't known or haven't liked, depends for its success not only on the picture others have of you but also on the picture you have of yourself. This is another way of saying that psychological warfare, like foreign policy in general, begins at home. If in times of sweeping change you believe that the society you live in is so happily closed and near-perfect that lesser breeds outside would do best simply to imitate it as it stands, you may find yourself being dominant without being really popular.

The popularity of Americans in the world has been achieved, many men say, because we showed ourselves to be spacious, tolerant, and hospitable, with a breezy self-confidence that lent us a youthful, buoyant air. This was done without propaganda—even in spite of it, for youth itself tells a good story.

In America it was long thought that nothing need be done, since youth—like American isolationism—would go on forever. Woodrow Wilson's strenuous effort to persuade America to take on a world-wide crusader's role collapsed, and most citizens felt thankful. For intellectuals between wars, the only plausible propaganda seemed to be what was directed against anything that smacked of propaganda. For others, propaganda simply became salesmanship: The Fuller-brush era of American ideology was at hand. As a result, when the United States was faced, on entering the Second World War, with the need of getting its central story across to the world and to the enemy in particular, there was inhibition among many people about giving it, along with doubt among others as to what it really was, and a general feeling that all propaganda was triviality and humbug.

That our propagandists got jobs at all, in the face of so many scruples about their craft, was due chiefly to the thought that they might "go straight" if ordered simply to report the news. ("The OWI does not try to persuade people to like the United States," it declared in 1944, to show it was behaving properly.)

The propagandist was to report news—not make it. That is, he was not to help formulate policy; in fact, as a rule he did not even know about policy until it had been made. Neither Elmer Davis nor Robert E. Sherwood, for all their direct access to the Presi-

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dent, participated in the making of the basic political decisions that determined the impact America would have on minds abroad. They had no part, for instance, in estimating the deal with Admiral Darlan. "Unconditional Surrender" took them by surprise. So did the atomic bomb.

Some officials who thought we could do without propagandists also seemed to think we could get along for the moment without ideas. These men were the heirs of isolationism, too: They had done so little thinking about America's ultimate goals in the world that when the war crisis came they had no time to do anything but improvise some emergency steps and demand that no considerations save those of military expediency govern them. So the generals were allowed to go ahead with Darlan, and Secretary Hull himself was heard to mutter against letting the war become "too ideological."

Yet the propagandist argued that the war *was* ideological, whether we liked it or not. Even Goebbels made capital of our North African deal by sneering that we were in the market for castoff quislings; and the mills of Moscow began grinding on the theme that wherever Americans went, from Algiers all the way to Formosa, they allied themselves with what was encrusted and reactionary.

As the wartime sting of these slanders penetrated, many officials called for action in the form of counterpropaganda. But then another fact revealed itself: What was really needed was not just counterpropaganda but counterpolicy. Your propaganda is your policy, and an inspiring, vigorous policy is obviously your best propaganda. The propagandist is paid to have a specialist's feel for the kind of policy that will attract the maximum number of people abroad. Ideally, the high policymaker has this too, but he always has to consider first the question of what policy will attract a maximum number of key people at home. When the propagandist is a mere handout man, he cannot exert much influence on the policymaker—or, hence, on propaganda.

Being a citizen like the rest, the propagandist shares the citizen's limitations—national and ideological barriers that keep him from being able to enter completely into a foreign mind and simulate its own impulses and reactions. This problem was studied intensively during the Second World War, and propagandists built up a whole battery of techniques to help them overcome it. They assigned corps of specialists to round up detailed social and political intelligence of the enemy from myriad sources, ranging from intercepted mail to interrogations and the study of obscure country newspapers, as the basis of enabling them to "live in" the target country. They called in anthropologists and psychiatrists; one Allied project went so far as to construct each week, on the basis of massive evidence, a working image of a hypothetical enemy "propaganda man"—a person, that is, who had been fully exposed to his country's current dominant trends, and who must be won over if the mass he symbolized was to be made to crack. They searched this image for soft spots and half-concealed insecurities, then they mentally recrossed the firing lines and went to work on those spots.

They learned to avoid using a bludgeon. They saw that an enemy's loyalties were not simple but manifold—the objects of his devotion ranging

from family and hallowed folkways to the symbols of his nation's pride and honor and then to its current leaders—and they avoided repeating Goebbels's classic blunder of trying to smash all these loyalties at once.

They knew that no frontal attack could break up the Japanese subject's worship of his half-heavenly emperor, although they might corrode his faith in the emperor's advisers. They ceased attacking Hitler personally, too, on the ground that he now stood enshrined as the object of mystical national attachment and the German soldier's oath. But they found that this same German soldier could be made to feel that he was not violating his oath if he began wondering about the ability of Hitler's favorites, or about the whole topheavy structure of Nazi pretensions and false promises.

The western Allied propagandists spotted the inevitable structural fault in the façade of totalitarianism—the need to make it look monolithic and indestructible, and then, when a tremor came, to shore up the structure with lies. They went to work to help shake it down with well-planted charges of truth. Here the OWI's role of conducting a news service led to good results: Its operators learned not to argue with Goebbels—since rebutting a lie usually merely helped circulate it—but to build up on their own a capital of credibility that would make the enemy listener turn to them at the crucial moment when all else fell into doubt. They told him of our defeats—in some cases even before his own news services claimed them. They went further afield and made it their business to give him hard and otherwise unobtainable answers to such urgent questions as "What streets in my home town were bombed last night?" "What happened to that fresh division that was to relieve us?" "What's this I hear about a row between Himmler and Goering?"

They learned to provide, in short, the propaganda of the plain and tangible, and to avoid blatant hectoring.

A writer in Italy learned this when he penned a surrender leaflet that described in fulsome terms the rich rations that hungry Germans would receive on our side. The description was accurate, but was also so far beyond the ken of the men on the other side that none believed it, and so none came over. Then he tried again. This time, in giving them matter-of-fact instructions as to how to proceed ("Drop your helmet," etc.), he added, "Bring along your mess kit"—and this bare assurance that some sort of food was waiting did the trick.

The enemy, in most cases, was not

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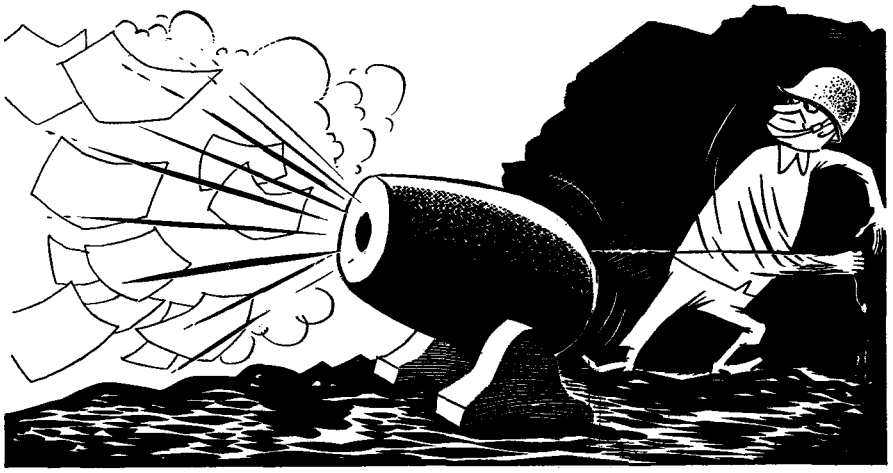
ready to come over and actively associate himself with all that was American—at least as it had been described to him. What he wanted was a reasonable alibi for dissociating himself from his current leadership, since it had failed him or was imperiling his survival. By grace of victories we found ample occasion for supplying this, and the means for exploiting it. But suppose that in future the occasions come late, and the ideological loyalties are far harder to break?



Last time we had a resounding chorus, and we are now training one again. We dropped eight billion leaflets on the enemy in the European and Mediterranean theaters alone. We built a converging strategic radio network based on New York, London, Algiers, Naples, and Luxembourg, and covered the Asian air waves from west Pacific islands and the Indies. We worked with tactical mobile transmitters, truck-mounted loudspeakers, and smuggled pamphlets, and learned the black arts of clandestine broadcasts, subversive rumors, "intruder" operations, and spurious, confusing messages planted at the crucial time and place. The arsenal was full of tricks, and some worked so well that they remain secret. Yet tricks are the second half of propaganda—the tactical follow-up designed to speed a process of enemy doubt and dissolution that has already begun. The first half is creating those doubts in the first place.

But this means that over-all policy itself needs to be so designed as to hatch doubts. Propaganda, then, is nothing more or less than policy brought home to maximum foreign audiences in such a way as to enable them to understand and react to it favorably in their own terms. If they react the wrong way, there is no point in blaming your propaganda; something has gone wrong with your policy. If you decide, for instance, to ally yourself with General Franco in order to fight Communism more effectively, don't assume that you can convince mankind that you are unalterably on the side of freedom.

We Americans know propaganda chiefly as a disruptive weapon in the hands of the enemy, and we want to turn it back on him. He has his advantages in using it, however: Since he rules and censors all minds at home and believes that any means will do to accomplish his end, he can resort unconscionably to terror and lies. As Hitler did, so Stalin can frighten the world with the image of a marching, monolithic force.

Against this, we suffer from our native scruple against public fabrication and the collective lie; from inability and refusal to make all Americans sound and act alike; and from a prospering people's reluctance to wage anything that might sound like revolutionary war.

Both sides share the handicap that neither, at this stage of mutual ideological and mass hatred, can readily muster a band of fighters able to overleap the barriers and deeply enter the minds of the other side. The Soviets, fearful that they might become contaminated at home, have gotten rid of such men wherever they have found them—as in the case of Litvinov. Some people on our side would have us cast out all such men, too, as suspect.

Still, our side has the advantage over the totalitarians of not being bound to a fixed dogma or a state church, of being able to adapt itself to changing conditions without fear of heresy, of growing by the principle of practical sense, and of being able to apply a belief in free, individual fulfillment to all people who have yet to attain it.

We used to call this idea revolutionary, and we may find it becoming more so now than ever. But the propagandist says that it can be made to exert revolutionary effect abroad only when we cast our over-all policies and practices in its fullest terms—even at the cost of some inconvenience at home. Each time we depart from it by making compromises or expedient arrangements, by just so much do we reduce its potential against the enemy. If it was costly, as some say, for us to have "abandoned" Chiang Kai-shek, it may prove even more costly for us to kiss him and make up. Some compromises there may have to be; the propagandist asks only that when we make them we do not try to fool ourselves into believing that we haven't really compromised at all.

The propagandist—who in effect is the outward-turned visage of ourselves—asks two things of us: that we now define or redefine ourselves and our deepest beliefs in such a way that neither we nor the outside world can mistake our meaning, and then act on that; and that we define for ourselves the nature of the enemy—and then act on that, too. First things come first in an imperiled defense, and more so in the attack to follow. What are the central elements in the American way—more central than world-wide salesmanship and Coca-Cola—which we will champion at any cost? And just what and whom are we out to smash? Is it the distant masses who disbelieve or dislike us partly because they never knew us at our best? Or is it the imperial, malignant Kremlin, which feeds on all their accumulated rancor?

This the propagandist asks as he warms up his transmitters. He has his bag of tricks and can pull some rabbits out of a hat, if you give him a hat. Yet he knows that his work is far more than an evening of patter and magic. The audience is alert and growing restless.

—William Harlan Hale

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Mexico:

No Rest Cure for O'Dwyer

If the new U.S. Ambassador to Mexico, former Mayor of New York William O'Dwyer, asks his staff what his outstanding problems are, he will probably be told: "Really, there are no outstanding problems here. Things have never been so quiet." But if he bothers to look just underneath the surface, he may not find his new job much of a rest cure.

Mexico is fidgety, and the Mexican businessman is particularly nervous. "Our economy, our agriculture, our industry, and our commerce are necessarily registering the repercussions of the world situation," the president of the Confederation of Chambers of Commerce, Mariano Suárez, recently warned. "We find ourselves in a moment of the very gravest danger, and we cannot escape from the risks of a possible universal disaster, nor will it be possible for us to abstain from helping to save the world."

He was referring, of course, to the danger and risks for Mexico produced by the Korean War. From its beginning, the Mexican reaction has been wary. Very simply, the Mexicans wanted to know what the Korean War was going to do to them, not what they were going to do about it.

In the U.N., Mexico voted with the United States against the North Korean aggression. But when Secretary-General Trygve Lie asked for something stronger than votes, preferably ground forces, the Mexican reply was framed in classically noncommittal language: The Mexican government "is prepared to exchange impressions either with the U.S.A. or with the Secretary-General to examine the cooperation that Mexico could eventually provide within the conditions of the Charter of the United Nations."

Obviously this could mean anything or nothing. No one doubted that it meant the latter. Even so conservative a paper as *Excelsior* quickly argued that Mexico did not have to send "a single man to any front." Mexico's contribution, the paper went on, would take the form of "defending inch by inch" Mexico itself.

The truth is that very few Mexicans wish to go further than "to exchange impressions." Yet it would be unfair to single out Mexico. Very few Latin-American countries have offered more. It is fairer to think of Mexico as a rather typical case and to try to understand its attitude in order to spare ourselves unnecessary disillusionment.

What is preoccupying Mexico these days? In a word, itself. Above all, Mexico is fascinated by its growing industrialization. Among the people who count, industrialization represents freedom, well-being, and progress. Of all the fanatics of industrialization, the new middle class is the most extreme.

This obsession has created a source of tension in U.S.-Mexican relations that must be dealt with frankly sooner or later, war or no war. It has also contributed to some of the political caution of the Mexican government in the Korean crisis.

The objective of rapid industrialization is relatively new in Mexico. Only in the last decade has it become a dominating force. The victory of industry over agriculture must be attributed in large part to the Second World War. Mexico was forced to pull itself up virtually by its own bootstraps, and it was sufficiently successful to want to keep pulling. Judged by the standards of a major industrialized country, Mexico has merely made a start, but its appetite has been whetted for more, much more. The First World

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War did not have this effect, for Mexico was then caught up in revolutionary turmoil. When the second opportunity came, there was enough political stability in the country to take advantage of it. Prices and profits for everything produced in Mexico soared to unprecedented heights. And almost everything imported by Mexico was overpriced or virtually unobtainable.

The shortages, combined with the profits, made new Mexican industries both possible and necessary. The war wiped out foreign competition more effectively than any tariff could have. Unfortunately, only a portion of the profits went into industry. Much more went into the old "nonproductive" channels of real estate, as the rash of ten-to-fifteen-story office buildings in Mexico City testifies. But enough Mexican money has been invested in industry to make 1940 or thereabouts a dividing line in Mexican history.

By the end of the 1930's, manufacturing had already overtaken agriculture in its contribution to Mexico's national income. By the end of the war, manufacturing was contributing twice as much. Most of the war and postwar investments went into relatively small enterprises—wood products, chemicals and pharmaceuticals, rubber and plastics, electrical appliances, and building. For many of these, Mexican capital was sufficient. But the bigger projects had to draw on a substantial amount of U.S. capital, or Mexican government subsidies, or both. Among the latter were the Altos Hornos iron and steel plant (with the American Rolling Mill Company participating); Celanese Mexicana, making rayon yarn (Celanese Corporation of America); Industria Eléctrica de México (Westinghouse); and more recently the $6 million Anderson, Clayton plant for vegetable fats and oils, a Sherwin-Williams paint factory, and a Continental Can subsidiary.

This spasm of industrialization has, for the first time, created a substantial, self-conscious middle class of Mexican businessmen. And with it has come a revival of the old fear and envy of the "colossus of the North."

The low point in U.S.-Mexican relations came with the Mexican government's expropriation of U.S. oil properties in 1938. When the war came, a new modus vivendi was worked out via the U.S.-Mexican Trade Agreement of 1942. This enabled Mexico to sell oil again to the United States. Both countries agreed to freeze or reduce duties on products they urgently needed.

When the Alemán régime came into power in 1946, one of its most important innovations was to invite U.S. capital to assist in the industrialization of Mexico. The influx of U.S. capital was also encouraged by the Mexican government's emergency decrees of 1947. Imports were drastically cut down, some to stop the drain of dollars, others to help the Mexican "war babies" survive. To get around the difficulty of sending products to Mexico, a number of U.S. concerns opened factories there.

No one knows just how much U.S. capital is invested in Mexico today because it does not have to be registered or labeled. The best estimate is close to $1 billion. Of this, probably about $200 million has been invested during the last ten years.

As competition revived after the war, however, this latest wave of U.S. investment began to bring back some of the old mistrust and resentment. Since 86.9 per cent of Mexican imports came from the United States last year, the shakier Mexican businessmen didn't have far to look for a scapegoat.

Moreover, the smaller Mexican manufacturers have learned something about modern pressure politics. In 1942, the Cámara Nacional de la Industria de Transformación (C.N.I.T.) was formed. It now represents eight thousand manufacturers, most of them in the small and middle categories. This chamber is the most aggressive pressure group in Mexican politics today. Its leaders turn out more books and pamphlets, give more interviews, make more speeches, and inspire more newspaper stories than all the old economic chambers combined.

Its campaign has already begun paying off. The chamber spearheaded the successful public drive for the abrogation of the U.S.-Mexican Trade Agreement of 1942. It built up a popular sentiment against the treaty by clamoring that Mexico had to protect its infant industries against superior foreign competition. The agreement stood in the way of unrestricted protection; therefore it had to go. Since powerful U.S. interests, particularly in oil, also disliked the treaty, it did not have a chance. The Mexican press greeted its abrogation as proof of Mexico's industrial coming of age.

At the moment, the importation of oils and fats has become the battleground. The Mexican manufacturers claim that they could supply the country's entire needs if only U.S. products were kept out. Mexican importers of oils and fats contend that this would mean a rise in price and a drop in quality. Both sides have been putting up a barrage of full-page advertisements in the newspapers.

The C.N.I.T. has also raised the alarm against the latest wave of U.S. investments. It charges that several Mexican industries—especially oils and fats, paints, cans, and candies—have already been seriously hurt or endangered. This campaign is only in its initial phases, and whether it will go further probably depends on the effect of the war crisis on the Mexican economy.

The attitude of these manufacturing interests toward the States has a special irony. They are the most anti-American of Mexican businessmen, and the most Americanized. They are fighting American competition in order to be as much like their American competitors as possible. They believe that they have to resist U.S. economic pressure to survive, but their goal is virtually to reproduce the U.S. economic system in Mexico.

Mexican manufacturing and com-

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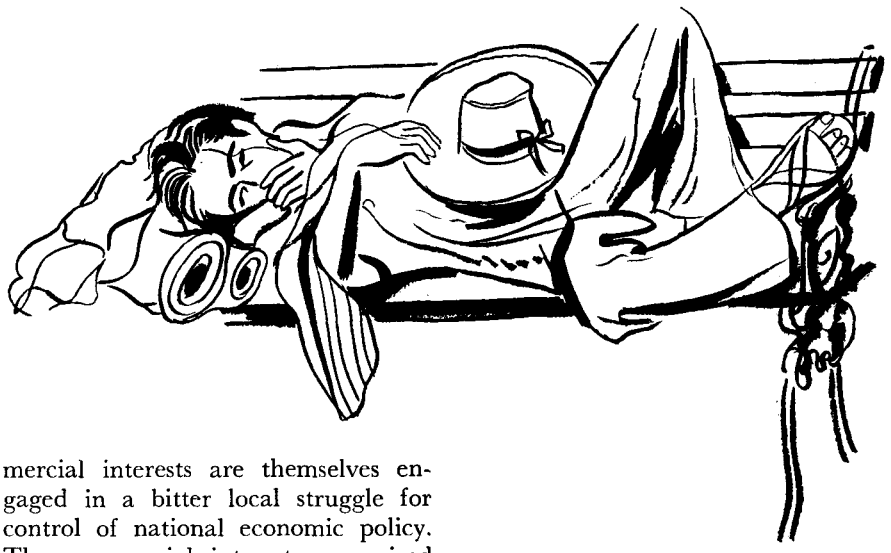

mercial interests are themselves engaged in a bitter local struggle for control of national economic policy. The commercial interests, organized in the Confederación de Cámaras de Comercio, are naturally for low tariffs, but they have also come out for the free flow of foreign capital. They have strong allies in those Mexican businessmen whose fortunes are tied up in mixed U.S.-Mexican companies. The more conservative, traditional Mexican industrialists, such as those in textiles, are so strongly entrenched that they do not need to struggle as hard as the newcomers for recognition.

Today, the original attitude of the Alemán régime in welcoming U.S. capital has been greatly modified. Its present official position was best expressed by Secretary of the Treasury Ramón Beteta, the government's economic trouble shooter, who told a convention of bankers, ". . . the risks that accompany heavy foreign investments in a weak country are well known" and "the economic development of the country is accelerating through our own forces, without expecting the progress of our nation to depend on the aid of foreigners."

In practice, few artificial obstacles have as yet been put in the way of foreign investments. The government is much more cautious than the economic nationalists would like. Moreover, the C.N.I.T. is itself divided into moderate and radical wings. The former distinguishes between "healthy" and "unhealthy" foreign investments whereas the latter opposes all foreign investments. "Healthy" foreign investments are those which do not compete with or hold back native industrialization. To U.S. investors this sounds like an invitation to take the biggest risks and the smallest profits.

Ambassador O'Dwyer is going to find that his first and biggest diplomatic headache will be the negotiation of a new trade agreement. It will not be easy to reconcile the Mexican urge for protection and the American desire to reduce trade barriers everywhere. Compromises will be necessary, but Mexican public opinion has been prepared for a hard fight.

The significant thing about this latest development in U.S.-Mexican relations is that it derives from the new generation of Mexican businessmen, not from traditional left-wing anti-Americanism. The intrigues of Vicente Lombardo Toledano no longer explain everything, and in fact today explain very little. Yet every time the "Red menace" raises its familiar head anywhere in Latin America, the name of Lombardo Toledano is brought out and dusted off.

In Mexico itself, Lombardo has lost so much ground in recent years that no one bothers to worry about him. The suggestion that Lombardo is the Kremlin's chief operative in Latin America only brings a smile of patronizing amusement. In fact, if Lombardo stopped getting such a big build-up outside Mexico, he would be deprived of almost his last bit of usefulness to the Kremlin.

In the Mexican trade-union movement, which Lombardo once controlled, the last vestige of his influence has been removed by the workers themselves. The Lombardista federation—Unión General de Obreros y Campesinos de México—recently lost both oil and mine unions, so that it has become an empty shell. In the dominant CTM (Confederación de Trabajadores de México), which he once led, Lombardo has had no influence since his expulsion in 1948.

Lombardo's Confederación de Trabajadores de América Latina (CTAL) has also been reduced to a paper organization in most countries. It has active sections only in Cuba, Guatemala, and Uruguay. In Mexico, the CTAL amounts to practically nothing. Fidel Velásquez, Lombardo's successor as head of the CTM, recently announced that his group was taking the initiative in organizing a rival Latin American labor confederation.

Two years ago, Lombardo organized the Partido Popular as a result of a falling out with the Alemán régime. This party represented a reconciliation between Lombardo and Narciso Bassols, the former Mexican Ambassador to the U.S.S.R., who considers himself even more to the left than Lombardo. But it has been plagued by one split after another. Bassols himself broke away last winter, charging that Lombardo was compromising with Alemán. Thus the party has been cut down to Lombardo's personal following, which is not big enough to warrant even

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Lombardo's devoting much time to it any more.

The fact is that Vicente Lombardo Toledano is somewhat more complex than has been generally recognized. He has a rather handsome but not a strong face. Even at mass meetings, he is so well dressed that he seems to stand aloof from the very people he wants to lead. He was never really a labor leader, but an intellectual politician who attached himself to the labor movement at the top. He has a fine home in one of the most fashionable suburbs of Mexico City and has always managed to combine the politics of a left-wing agitator with the good living of an old-family aristocrat.

Politically, Lombardo has been equally two-sided. He has always played a double game, and still does. In foreign policy, he has invariably been the Soviets' foremost apologist in Latin America. He is one of the inevitable delegates to all the Communist-sponsored or -inspired international congresses and conferences. He never fails to say exactly the right things about American "imperialism."

But in internal Mexican policy, Lombardo rarely pleases the local Communists. He likes to support Stalin internationally and whoever happens to hold power in Mexico nationally. He backed Cárdenas and Avila Camacho unequivocally. He has had more trouble with Alemán, who cut him off from government patronage, but he still refuses to break away from the régime. For one thing an open break would deprive him of long-standing undercover subsidies without which he could not put out his paper, *El Popular,* or run his Workers' University.

The Mexican Communist Party has long had mixed feelings about Lombardo. Because he is so useful to the Soviet Union on an international scale, he has to be treated with special consideration. But since he possesses a personal political machine that he uses in his own interest in internal politics, the Mexican Communists regard him as a rival as much as an ally. At the moment the party line calls for unconditional opposition to the Alemán régime as a mere puppet of American "imperialism." Lombardo prefers to make distinctions between the "good" and "bad" elements in the government, and above all to leave the President alone. The Mexican Communist organ, *La Voz de México,* has severely criticized Lombardo for compromising with the Mexican bourgeoisie, and he has answered back by denouncing "sectarianism." It is always amusing to find Mexican Communists much less enthusiastic about Lombardo than visiting U.S. Communists.

Much more important than the Communist tie-up in an estimate of Lombardo's significance is his close connection with the radical wing of the manufacturers' association. His Workers' University sponsored a series of lectures this summer on Mexico's economic prospects and problems. One of the foremost speakers, whom Lombardo paid the special honor of introducing personally, was José Domingo Lavín, a past president of the C.N.I.T. and a successful businessman who is quite as anti-United States as Lombardo himself.

As for the Mexican Communist Party, never has it been so weak and ineffectual. It is not even able to put out *La Voz de México* on a regular weekly basis. The party's greatest and almost its only real asset is the attachment of a number of well-known intellectuals. If it had as many first-class trade-union leaders as it has famous painters, it might get somewhere.

For a variety of reasons, then, Mexico cannot get very excited about the Communist menace. What really interests Mexico is the menace to its own industrialization, and the Korean crisis takes on local color only in that light.

Thus far the dominant Mexican political and economic circles have regarded the crisis with mixed feelings. The dollar shortage has already given way to a dollar surplus, largely because those Mexicans who preferred to keep their money in U.S. banks decided that it was safer at home. If the trend continues, the upward revaluation of the peso cannot be far off. Mexican cotton, oil, and minerals are finding easier markets and higher prices. On the other hand, the entire Mexican economy must again reckon with increasing shortages.

In general, the manufacturing interests look at a continuing and developing war as another period of great problems and great opportunities—opportunities to entrench themselves in the home market and to spread out in neighboring Central American markets. The commercial interests are watching the international horizon apprehensively and are preparing for the worst by stocking up on imported goods.

In terms of U.S.-Mexican relations, the basic question is whether the advocates of Mexican industrialization can be made to feel that the United States is their ally, not their enemy. The recent loan of $150 million was positive evidence of good intentions. But a good deal depends on the discrimination and discretion of U.S. investors and exporters. The U.S. businessman can do more for better U.S.-Mexican relations than the U.S. government.

—Theodore Draper

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The Spanish-Speaking: North from the Rio Grande

The biggest modern migration of Americans since the Midwest moved to California is now going on in the western half of the United States. A great peninsula of Spanish-speaking people is slowly pushing itself northward across the Southwest, up Texas and as far as Michigan. On the peninsula's northern fringes, the migrants are being absorbed, but at its base they are still holding on to their language, culture, and mores.

Driving the migration ever northward is the low-wage economy of Mexico, many of whose citizens wade the Rio Grande seeking the fabulous wage of forty cents an hour supposed to be paid by the factory farms of California and Texas. As these "wetbacks" cross the river, the Texans of Mexican ancestry head for the north in search of seasonal jobs with better wages—to the cotton farms in West Texas, Arkansas, and Mississippi, sugar-beet farms in Colorado and Michigan, and vegetable and fruit farms in other Northern states. In some parts of central Texas, three hundred miles north of the lower Rio Grande Valley, the Spanish-speaking are becoming a majority of the population. San Antonio, fifty years ago the northern boundary of the Spanish-speaking peninsula, is today nearer its center. The population of Texas's third city is now more than fifty per cent Spanish-speaking. The total Spanish-speaking population of Texas is increasing at a rate about four or five times that of the other whites, and it seems bound to continue doing so for some time.

This statistic alone might shock a few Texans, but others give rise to even more uneasiness: Although the Spanish-speaking comprise more than twenty per cent of the white population of Texas, they make up less than two per cent of the student body of the University of Texas in Austin. An incomplete survey of the Spanish-speaking pupils in Texas public schools a few years ago showed that many dropped out after every grade, even the first.

The death rate among the Spanish-speaking is much higher than among the population in general. The tuberculosis death rate in Texas for all other whites is twenty-four per 100,000. For Negroes it is fifty-four. For the Spanish-speaking it is 159.

In 1948, one-seventh of all the dysentery reported for the entire state (254 counties) was in Hidalgo and Cameron Counties, in the lower Rio Grande Valley, which have one-thirtieth of the state's population and which get most of the wetbacks. Other "Magic Valley" shares of Texas disease in 1948: over one-twelfth of the diphtheria, almost one-fifth of the malaria, nearly one-fifteenth of the meningitis, about one-twelfth of the typhoid.

As one speaker at a recent conference asked, "Are grapefruit and vegetables worth it?"

For years the fight to win equal citizenship for the Spanish-speaking was waged only by a few liberals and a few leaders of the minority itself. But now some businessmen and politicians are helping out—and not necessarily from humanitarian motives. A campaign for customers and votes can have the same results as one for human rights.

Those who take the trouble to investigate are finding that the Spanish-speaking are good workers, and good risks on cars, refrigerators, stoves, and furniture. So, in many communities the Juan Cuervo into which Jim Crow has been translated by some Texans is beginning to disappear.

The Spanish-speaking leaders know that their battle is far from won, and are forging their biggest weapon: a mass movement of over a million voters to the Texas ballot boxes. Until recently few of these people voted, and most who did were "delivered" by political leaders, often for a price. Now, with the Spanish-speaking increasingly turning up at the polls, the politicians have been outdoing each other in promises to this ill-fed, ill-

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clothed, and ill-housed one-sixth of a state.

Assisting in this metamorphosis are old hands like Dr. George I. Sánchez, the wraithlike, intense veteran of twenty-seven years' battling for minority rights in the Southwest. Then there is Gus Garciá, an ex-G.I., now a San Antonio attorney, who was elected to the city school board, the first Latin-American elective official in a city where more than half of the population is of Mexican descent. And there are many others.

Undoubtedly the big thing that keeps the Spanish-speaking so far down economically and politically is the steady flow northward of illegal Mexican aliens. The constant pressure has forced one hundred thousand or more Spanish-speaking Texans every year to follow the migratory labor trail. This does not make the Magic Valley citrus and vegetable growers unhappy: The native Spanish-speaking were apt to want more pay than the wetbacks. The intensified irrigated agricultural industry of the valley was founded on the availabilility of cheap contraband labor.

For years the immigration laws were a joke along the Mexican-Texas border. Many wetbacks worked in Texas by day and went home across the border at night. Their two or three dollars for a twelve-hour day were munificent when spent in pesos in Mexico. But the Spanish-speaking Texan found it almost impossible to live on those same wages spent in the United States.

When Mrs. Pauline Kibbe, the executive secretary of the Texas Good Neighbor Commission, the state-appointed agency charged with bettering Mexican relations, wrote in 1947 that the quarter-an-hour wage was a disgrace, she brought down on her head the wrath of the Magic Valley employers. Allan Shivers, then lieutenant governor and now governor, and himself a Rio Grande Valley grower, commented that twenty-five cents was the minimum and that most workers received forty to fifty cents and some even sixty. Mrs. Kibbe lost her job.

Meanwhile, in 1948, the United States and Mexico signed an agreement governing the contracting of Mexicans for work on U.S. farms, which provided that the "prevailing wage be paid." The U.S. Employment Service set the prevailing wage in the Rio Grande Valley at forty cents an hour. The growers now insisted that the prevailing wage actually was twenty-five cents, and that forty cents would ruin them.

Nevertheless, the forty-cent wage stood up, on the argument that illegal labor could not be considered in the calculation. The growers (and it should be pointed out that the term "growers" as used here means especially the hired spokesmen of growers' organizations) then turned their attack against the Border Patrol, which was trying to keep out illegal workers. Senator Clinton Anderson of New Mexico introduced a bill to allow alien workers to come and go as they pleased. Austin E. Anson, executive director of the Texas Citrus and Vegetable Growers' and Shippers' Association, tried to line up all Texas Congressmen for the bill—in the same letter in which he asked the Congressmen where they wanted their Christmas boxes of valley fruit sent.

That campaign is still under way. Dr. Sánchez and the other Spanish-speaking leaders know that opening up the border—either through legal working permits, as Anderson proposes, or through the old system of just letting wetbacks in—will damage their chances of success.

The border is not yet closed tight, but the U.S. Immigration Service at least is making a show of trying to enforce the immigration laws, and the Mexican government is trying to keep its citizens within its borders. That they have not been completely successful is proven by reports that until recently the bodies of ten or fifteen Mexicans who had failed to make it were still being fished out of the Rio Grande every month in one county.

In the field of education, the Spanish-speaking are making progress. In 1948, a Federal district court in Austin outlawed their segregation in public schools as unconstitutional. Since then, the State Department of Education has striven to end segregation with considerable success. Dr. Hector García and others are carrying on a continuous campaign to get the Spanish-speaking children to school. The Federal government helped indirectly this year by banning child labor during school hours. The first result was overflowing schoolhouses in parts of south Texas. For a while, farmers in West Texas didn't know what to do about the children who ordinarily picked cotton along with their mothers and fathers. In some school districts, the schools simply closed for the duration of the cotton-picking season.

In other districts, however, a fairer solution was developed. When the migrant children came pouring in, school officials went on half-day split schedules and won from the U.S. Department of Labor a ruling that the system complied with the law.

Another factor that is helping to raise the general educational level is the availability to returned veterans of education under the G.I. Bill. Throughout south Texas, vocational schools have trained Spanish-speaking veterans. Others have studied at colleges and universities which otherwise

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The Spanish-speaking at home—poverty, disease, and malnutrition

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would have been beyond their reach.

Overriding all other problems is human relations. Although few Texans will admit to discrimination against the Spanish-speaking, the Texas Poll of Public Opinion reports that four out of ten favor separate schools for Latin-Americans.

This is prejudice primarily against characteristics which are not peculiar to the Spanish-speaking but which have been attached to them largely because of their economic lot. Economic improvements for the entire mass would not solve the problem of discrimination overnight, but they would pave the way.

Meanwhile, some efforts are being made toward eliminating at least the outward manifestation of discrimination. One forward step was the formation of the Texas Good Neighbor Commission. The commission was first set up in 1943 by Governor Coke Stevenson after Mexico declared it would not permit contracts for farm laborers in areas where there was discrimination.

The Good Neighbor Commission was not immediately successful in ending the justified Mexican protests, and Texas stayed on the Mexican blacklist. Not until 1948 was the international labor agreement finally worked out, and even then it provided that Mexico could blacklist individual communities, but wisely allowed contracting in those Texas counties which outlawed discrimination.

After Mrs. Kibbe's stormy resignation as executive secretary of the G.N.C., the post went to Thomas Sutherland, a long-time student of Latin-American problems, who was determined to make the commission work. Today he holds the post under Chairman Neville Penrose, a Fort Worth oilman who has concentrated pretty much on turning the commission into a diplomatic agency. In a speech last spring, he declared that the "fierce fires of racial hatred" are now "merely a white powdered ash, hardly warm." The leaders of the Spanish-speaking would hardly agree that the fires of discrimination have turned into "ashes," nor do they think the Commission's single-handed efforts could get the job done.

Failure of the Good Neighbor Commission to take active enough leadership undoubtedly led to creation of the latest agency in the field, the Council for the Study of Human Relations, appointed by Governor Shivers. Dr. Sánchez and Gus García both are members, along with Penrose, R. E. Smith (former chairman of the G.N.C.), Catholic Bishop M. S. Gariga, Dr. Umphrey Lee, president of Southern Methodist University, Dr. William R. White, president of Baylor University, and Henderson Coquat, a San Antonio oilman. Financed through subscriptions and free of legislative and political domination, the council may well come up with some practical answers.

The Spanish-speaking Texan needs

civil-rights protection as much as or more than the Negro Texan. East Texas judges and juries are apt to be tolerant of the legal transgressions of a Negro who can crack a joke and make them smile, but the prisoner who doesn't speak English is likely to get short shrift. The only answer to such brushoffs can be given at the polls.

As a matter of practical politics, it is going to become increasingly hard for Texas gubernatorial or Senatorial candidates to take a flat stand against a sound civil-rights program in Texas. They will alienate not only nine hundred thousand Negroes, who are just beginning to vote, but also the 1,300,000 Spanish-speaking Texans, who are voting more and more often. The same upset that swept Gus Garcia onto the public-school board in San Antonio elected G. J. Sutton, a Negro, to the board of San Antonio Junior College. In this case, two minorities teamed up to make a majority.

Not so long ago, open opposition to racial segregation was enough to label a man un-American in Texas, but in the closing days of a special legislative session last winter, Representative Abraham Kazen of Laredo received applause, not abuse, when he told the House of Representatives:

"I am constitutionally opposed to the principle of racial segregation and discrimination because it tends to weaken our national unity. . . . Not long ago, I saw the blood of Negro-Americans, Anglo-Americans, Latin-Americans, German-Americans, Protestants, Catholics, and Jews blended honorably and trickling down the slopes of Cassino in Italy. Others of you saw it, too."

Strange words, these, in the lawmaking body of Texas. But Kazen was fighting for the people he represents, the Spanish-speaking people along the Texas-Mexican border. It was even stranger when Kazen found twenty-one of the hundred and fifty members of the Texas house voting with him against a bill to segregate Negroes from whites in state parks.

Kazen's words and the twenty-one votes did not stop the segregation bill, but they served as a warning and as advice to the people of a state in which the Spanish-speaking are every day becoming more important.

—John McCully

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California—

The Oath Epidemic

The people of California are displaying a new side of their proclivity for pension and chain-letter schemes whereby they would automatically all make each other rich. Nowadays they are engaged in an ever-mounting effort to make themselves all simon pure politically by giving each other loyalty oaths.

By the end of October, more than 150,000 state and municipal employees had been required to swear that they hadn't engaged in subversive activities since September, 1945, and wouldn't in the future. They were joined by the state's several thousand elected officials, and by the eighty-eight thousand clerks and poll watchers for the November election, who had to take the oath before they could collect their one-day paychecks. Other oathtakers have included the members of the California Medical Association and the California Chiropractic Association, the employees of Los Angeles radio station KFI, and the heirs of the late movie producer Sam Woods, who specified an oath in his will.

The estimated one million volunteer workers required by California's civilian-defense program will all take an oath. Soon at least one out of every ten Californians will have sworn to his loyalty, and a quarter of these will have done so several times.

The public employees and elected officials, having previously taken the state's constitutional oath of office, are now two-oath men. The eleven thousand employees of the University of California, with a special loyalty provision of their own, have now sworn three times. Members of the California legislature, having been so eager to swear the new state oath that they did not wait for it to become a law, are now wondering whether it should not be administered to them again for it to take properly.

Wide World

Governor Earl Warren

The necessity for loyalty oaths for teachers was suggested at least fifteen years ago by conservative California farmers alarmed by rumors of classroom allegations that they were plundering the state's natural resources. They found sympathetic ears in the state legislature's Un-American Activities Committee, headed by California's most celebrated Red-baiter, State Senator Jack Tenney, at one time a band leader and president of the Los Angeles local of the musicians' union, who made his way in politics largely on the strength of having composed a lachrymose ballad called "Mexicali Rose." The song appealed to Arthur Samish, the sentimental three-hundred-pound king of California's lobbyists, and Samish pushed Tenney into the legislature.

For a decade, as chairman of the un-American activities commitee, Tenney raced up and down California beating the bushes for subversives and denouncing as Reds all who differed with him. His early suspicions were confirmed when he discovered in the mid-1940's that the facts of life had insinuated themselves into high-school courses on family relations. Tenney began to call louder than ever for a teachers' loyalty oath, but his colleagues in the legislature still refused to take him very seriously Then in 1948 several things combined to lend the oath idea momentum. Among them were the Berlin blockade, the Hiss-Chambers affair, and the stepped-up Federal loyalty investigations.

In January, 1949, Tenney introduced a whole sheaf of bills to hogtie the Communists. Among them, inevitably, was a teachers' loyalty-oath bill. Coupled with it was a constitutional amendment to bring the University of California within the scope of the oath.

The university is chartered under the state constitution as an independent corporation. The legislature controls its funds but not the university itself, which is run by a board of regents appointed by the governor and beyond legislative reach. Tenney hoped to breach the wall with his constitutional amendment.

Few people were disturbed by Tenney's threats, for the tedious amending process would act as a brake on any precipitate action. One man, however, chose to take Tenney seriously. He was James Corley, comptroller of the university and its lobbyist at the state capital.

He rushed back from Sacramento and recommended to President Robert Gordon Sproul that the faculty and employees of the university be required to take a loyalty oath in order to head Tenney off. Sproul, without bothering to consult his faculty, took

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Corley's advice and introduced a resolution for a loyalty oath at the monthly meeting of the board of regents in March, 1949. The regents expressed surprise but accepted Sproul's suggestion.

The president, however, had misjudged his faculty. The Academic Senate, which includes all faculty members from instructors up, expressed overwhelming opposition. The war was on. Like many wars, it was unnecessary, since Tenney and his program were already en route to oblivion.

Tenney had made the grave mistake of turning from such safe quarry as Communists and teachers to stalk far more dangerous game—Democrats in the state legislature. An angry fellow senator snapped that "it was time to blow the whistle on the Tenney committee." Many other colleagues had grown tired of Tenney's antic behavior, and the word went out that he was through.

Within a month the senator had resigned his beloved committee chairmanship "voluntarily," and a week later the Tenney program of repressive legislation was chloroformed by the assembly.

With the Tenney threat gone and his faculty in rebellion, President Sproul reversed his field and indicated that an oath was no longer necessary. But he found a majority of the regents not disposed to back down, especially in the face of what they interpreted as a faculty challenge to their authority. Sproul was going to get an oath whether he wanted one or not.

Although Sproul, as an ex officio regent, now supported his faculty, he had lost face. Neither side could forgive him.

Sproul, an accomplished handshaker who is reputed to see a future Republican Vice-Presidential candidate in the mirror each morning, was no match for his greatest antagonist in the oath fight, Regent John Francis Neylan, a craggy, white-haired giant of sixty-five and one of the West's craftiest trial lawyers. An arch-conservative Republican, Neylan once managed all of William Randolph Hearst's West Coast operations, and the Hearst papers still treat him with great deference.

At first Neylan had been against the oath, but when he detected a faculty mutiny Neylan, a proud and power-conscious man, grew determined to bring the professors to heel.

It was Neylan, more than any other regent, who reduced the faculty to impotence. By last spring, after a year's struggle, the majority of the faculty had given up and signed. A platoon of holdouts remained, encouraged by those who had signed under protest for economic reasons. At this juncture, an alumni group stepped in with a "compromise" which eliminated the oath but inserted its essentials in the teaching contracts.

The regents, themselves somewhat winded, accepted the compromise by a 21-1 vote. The holdout professors repudiated the compromise, but were encouraged by the announcement that failure to sign the new contracts would not be cause for summary dismissal. The faculty Committee on Privilege and Tenure, after hearing the nonsigners' objections, recommended that they be retained. They reckoned without Neylan and his group. At the July regents' meeting the board voted to retain the holdouts by the narrow margin of 10-9. And Neylan, after voting "No," switched his vote to "Yes," a parliamentary maneuver giving him the right to move for reconsideration in August when more of his allies would be in attendance.

At the August meeting Neylan's forces moved for reconsideration and won by a 12-10 vote. The holdouts were given ten days to sign or get out. A week later a group of them petitioned California's courts for a writ of mandamus to prevent their discharge and to test the regents' power.

Wide World

William Randolph Hearst

The regents, by now also interested in having their powers defined, voted in September to suspend all action against the nonsigners pending the court decision. They also listened to Neylan attack novelist George Steward, author of *The Year of the Oath.*

By this time, the war of attrition had seriously impaired the morale of a great faculty, and the reputation and standards of a great university. When the fall semester opened, forty-eight classes in the fields of English, psychology, Oriental languages, mathematics, education, business administration, history, philosophy, physics, sociology, and Greek had to be dropped because there was no one to teach them. A dozen outside professors had refused to accept appointments at the university, and the American Psychological Association, the American Philological Association, and the International Congress of Mathematicians had advised their members not to join the faculty.

Meanwhile by midsummer the loyalty-oath idea had become highly contagious. San Francisco's board of supervisors started talking about an oath, and its sister city, Oakland, rammed one through. Surrounding cities and towns all solemnly prescribed oaths for their employees.

There were a few holdouts. El Cerrito, Santa Cruz, and San Anselmo all turned down oaths, and a few towns like Napa and Albany never got past the talking stage. Impatient patriots occasionally acted on their own. Marin County's sheriff gave all of his deputies their choice of signing either an oath or a resignation that implied that the deputy did not care to work with "100 per cent Americans."

When in September Governor Earl Warren convened an emergency session of the legislature to build up California's civilian defenses, he decided it would be a good idea to throw in a loyalty oath for all civilian-defense workers. Since all public employees were to be included in the defense program, this means they would all have to take an oath.

Warren had previously scoffed at

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Wide World

State Senator Jack Tenney

loyalty oaths as ineffective in catching subversives. But this year he was running for re-election, and since he had already pleased liberals by his staunch opposition to the university loyalty oath, he apparently felt it was time for him to propitiate the oath-lovers. He said that he would be the first to take the oath after it became law. Droves of other candidates joined the clamor. Jack Tenney, out of the public prints for almost a year, saw his chance to beat Warren at the starting gate by getting his Republican colleagues to take the oath as soon as the bill had passed the upper house and before it had ever been printed. Republicans in the lower house crowded into Speaker Sam Collins's office and took the oath right after they passed it. The Democrats were left to take their oaths individually in a helter-skelter way, and Warren brought up the rear, being forced to wait until he had signed the oath into law.

All other public employees had to take the oath by November 2 or be fired. Penalties of one to fourteen years' imprisonment were provided for false swearing, joining a subversive group after taking the oath, or failing to list past memberships in subversive groups. The attorney general's office of California said it was unable to issue a list of subversive organizations and announced that public employees would have to make up their own minds on this subject.

In mid-October Attorney General Frederick N. Howser widened the university schism by announcing that the regents and employees of the university were public employees and would have to take the state oath or be deprived of public funds.

Some nonsigners of the university oath expressed willingness to take the more stringent state oath, since it at least was nondiscriminatory. Docile signers of the regents' oath were horrified by the state's attempt to impose its own oath. Anti-faculty regents denounced the state oath as a dangerous invasion. Pro-faculty regents saw in the state oath a happy solution to the long university war.

At the October regents' meeting, Chairman Edward Dickson suggested that everyone rise and take the state oath. John Francis Neylan found himself in an interesting dilemma. He declared: "I am delighted to take the oath, although I do not subscribe to the theory that it has been prescribed either for the regents or the university."

The regents rose, gravely swore not to engage in subversive activity against the state, then sat down to argue ways and means to subvert application of the state oath to the university. Faculty observers sat open-mouthed as Regent Neylan warned that the state oath "could destroy the university."

The board then reserved its right to challenge the state oath in the courts, offering the spectacle of a group themselves being sued over infliction of a loyalty oath suing the state over infliction of a similar oath. There was one more echo of the great conflict during the regents' October sessions. The board finally got around to accepting the resignation of L. M. Giannini, the president of the Bank of America.

Giannini had been the lone dissenter in the board's famous 21-1 vote in April, which had rescinded the oath and inserted its provisions in the teaching contracts. Mortified to be a minority of one, he had immediately resigned from the board. After first crying, "I feel that if we rescind the oath today the flag will fly in the Kremlin!" he followed the rescinding vote with the declaration: "I think everyone is underestimating the Communist threat . . . I want to organize twentieth-century vigilantes, who will unearth

Wide World

Dr. Robert Gordon Sproul

Communists and Communism in all their sordid aspects, and I will, if necessary."

None of the regents reproved him for this outburst, perhaps out of respect for his position as head of the world's largest bank. And they were apparently too embarrassed to point out to him that the revised contracts accomplished exactly the same purpose as the oath.

Among the enthusiastic signatories of the state loyalty oath was a sixty-seven-year-old Carmel caretaker named Norman Duxbury, who claims to be Monterey County's only avowed Communist. While several dozen suits were being filed by non-Communists to test the constitutionality of the loyalty oath, Duxbury cheerfully announced that he didn't believe in the violent overthrow of the government: "That's silly. This government will collapse from its own rottenness." Carmel's civic officials mumbled that Duxbury's bland oathtaking was dirty pool and squirmed as newspapermen flocked to interview this disgraceful citizen.

While his agitated neighbors were moaning that publicizing Duxbury amounted to giving aid and comfort to the enemy, the conservative Monterey *Peninsula Herald* decided to set them straight. "The role of the village atheist," it editorialized, "is a traditional one in America."

—Gordon Pates

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Atomic Power Comes Out of the Doldrums

In the December 12 issue, The Reporter *published "The Best-Kept Atomic Secret," by Claire Holcomb. The following article presents a different viewpoint on peacetime atomic energy.*

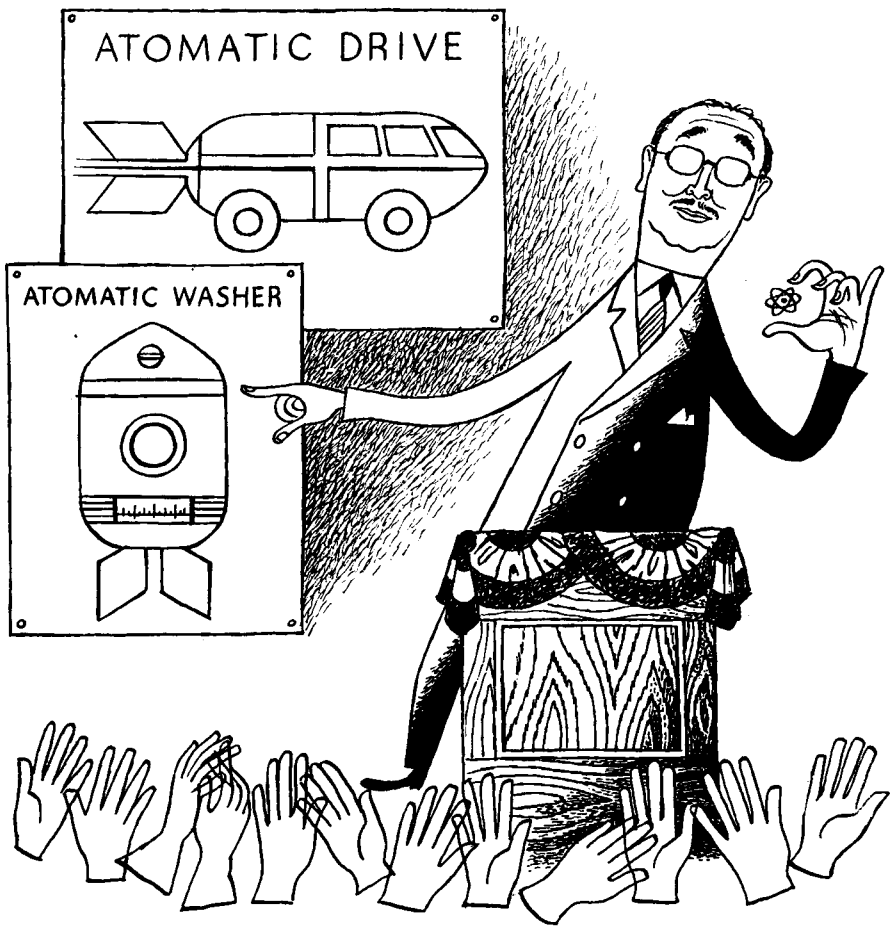
Five years after the bombing of Hiroshima, our scientists and engineers have not yet put together a machine for producing atomic power in useful form. Are we to conclude that the task of taming the atom for peace is inherently more difficult than that of using it as an explosive, or has the prolonged gestation period been caused by our failure to attack the problem vigorously enough?

Answers to these questions are difficult because our atomic development work has been so completely veiled in secrecy and obscured by sensationalism. Atomic power is not a neat little package that can be isolated from other phases of atomic activity—chiefly the production of atomic bombs. But granting all this, most scientists familiar with atomic-power development are little cheered by our progress in this new field.

From a chronological viewpoint our atomic-power effort may be split into three phases.

Phase I—*Postwar Optimism (1945-1947)*: No embryo was ever so extravagantly heralded as was atomic power in the first postwar year. The spectacular payoff of the Manhattan Project led many to believe that peacetime atomic energy was just around the corner. The project chief, General Leslie R. Groves, announced in 1946 the selection of the Monsanto Chemical Company to build the first atomic-power plant (reactor), and said that he expected actual construction to get underway very soon. The power plant was never built. At the time, Congress was debating the establishment of the Atomic Energy Commission, and a hiatus occurred in the continuity of all atomic work. Uncertainty and apathy became the order of the day, and the first planned atomic-power plant was a casualty. Even more important, the cream of the experts deserted the government laboratories.

When the Atomic Energy Commission had finally become a reality, David E. Lilienthal took office as chairman with the buoyant hope that he would succeed in taming the atom for peace. Unfortunately for the AEC, its chairman had become the victim of confidence-undermining Congressional hearings prior to his confirmation. The former TVA chief survived his ordeal on Capitol Hill, but both he and his associates bore scars. Every action of the new commission was scrutinized by headline-hungry members of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy. Despite Senator Brien McMahon's intelligent and sympathetic direction of this "watchdog" committee, it became the nemesis of the AEC. To any other government agency such direct Congressional kibitzing would have been merely irritating and discouraging. In the case of



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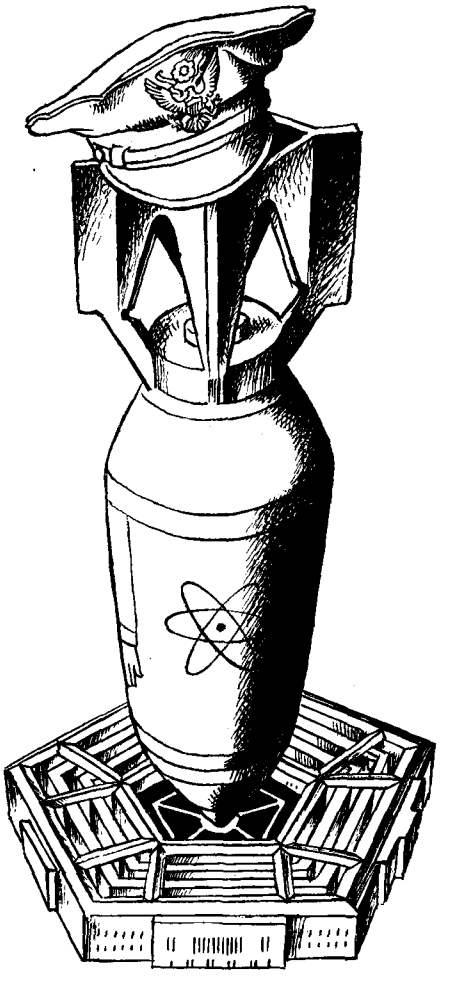
an agency faced with tough technical problems demanding imaginative research and bold administration, the effect was more serious. There grew within the AEC an attitude of "play it safe" that soon trickled down into the far-flung research centers. Scientists found the corridors filled with lawyers and the air filled with "project justifications," "feasibility studies," and "firm cost estimates."

In the atomic laboratories, work dragged, but at a higher level optimism persisted. Officials were prone to enthrall audiences by displaying small pieces of uranium ore and divulging that these contained the energy equivalent of hundreds of tons of coal. Audiences conditioned by the explosive violence of the atom over Japan needed little persuasion to picture atomic power as within easy reach.

Atomic power is not a mystic source of energy. At present the only known way to tap the energy of the atom is to construct a large reactor, or atomic furnace, and convert the energy of uranium fission into heat energy. The heat is then used to produce electricity just as in a conventional power plant. The nuclear reactor would substitute for the coal-combustion chamber. Because of penetrating radiation many precautions would have to be observed in designing an atomic plant—which makes reactor engineering much more difficult than designing a conventional coal-fired power plant. Since the cost of coal adds up to only a fraction of the delivered cost of electrical power, even if the uranium in an atomic-power plant cost nothing (which is far from true), the electricity bill would still be sizable.

Thus the first phase of atomic-power development came to a close with the realization that atomic power was not just around the corner. In this formative period of atomic work, the die had been cast for a cautious, almost timid approach. No power plants were built, nor were any engineering designs adopted. It had become obvious that the development of this novel power source would take time.

Phase II—*The Period of Disillusion (1947-1949)*: Locomotive works continued to turn out steam and Diesel engines. Industry kept building steam-powered plants. The auto factories disgorged record numbers of new gasoline automobiles. Although the car buyer might have longed for the day when he could flip a uranium pellet in the gas tank and drive for a year, he saw no "atomobiles" for sale.



Although many felt that it was only a matter of time, the facts argued against optimism. No single division within the Atomic Energy Commission was carrying the ball on atomic-power development. Research was being done on atomic power, but it was a patchwork of nonintegrated activity spread out in a number of laboratories. Such specific proposals for reactor construction as were advanced were subjected to merciless evaluation and re-evaluation until some scientists mourned that "they've evaluated the hell out of everything."

The biggest blow to atomic-power progress was dealt when a policy decision led to Dr. Eugene P. Wigner's resignation from Oak Ridge. This mild-mannered physicist was the man chiefly responsible for the design of the Oak Ridge and Hanford reactors. His loss created a vacuum within the AEC that has never since been filled. Thereupon reactor research was centered at the Argonne National Laboratory under a director who did little to conceal the disdain he felt for engineers. Yet engineers were critically needed to develop atomic power. They are still conspicuous by their absence.

Engineers have a traditional approach to a problem on a "learn-by-doing" basis. This philosophy was entirely lacking in reactor development; in its stead there was the concept of perfectionism. Very few machines ever achieve even near-perfection in initial design; they evolve from crude working models to a developed product by constant redesign based upon operational experience with each succeeding model. But it was felt that the commission could not run the risk of Congressional wrath if the first atomic-power plant should fizzle. Research was prejudged, bold approaches were frowned upon, and decisions were postponed. The goal of atomic power became more distant, the road to it a winding path diffidently pursued.

Secrecy veiled the nuclear-power situation from public criticism. For the Congressmen on the watchdog committee, the tough enamel of technology surrounding the atom prevented understanding. Scientists kept their peace, for they had no wish to complain and perhaps invite a return of military control. Thus the quiescent state of atomic power might have remained undisturbed for some time.

It was at this point that the Navy Department suddenly gave the first real stimulus to atomic-power development. Speaking before a packed secret Anti-Submarine Warfare Symposium session in 1948, Vice-Admiral Earle Mills maintained that the solution of the Navy's dilemma of defense against the snorkel submarine lay in developing a superior killer submarine powered with atomic energy. He added, looking much like a small boy who hasn't gotten the candy promised him, that the AEC wasn't doing much about getting a nuclear propulsion plant for that submarine. This was the first criticism of the AEC's lagging power program; repercussions were soon to follow.

Within a short time the AEC announced the establishment of a Reactor Development Division whose sole responsibility would be atomic power. Soon after this administrative reshuffle,

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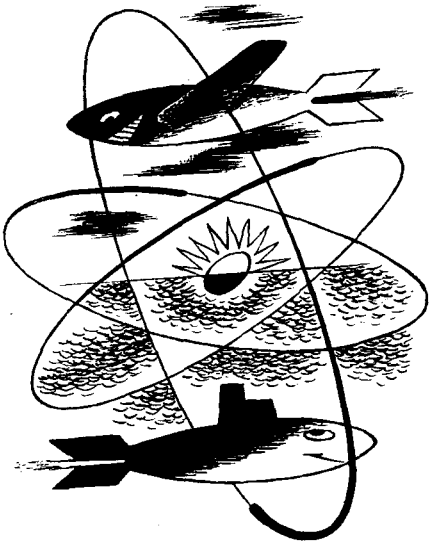
Dr. Robert Bacher, scientist member of the commission, laid out in concrete terms a program for reactor development. Four nuclear reactors were scheduled for construction, and No. 2 on the list was, to use Dr. Bacher's words, "a Navy reactor designed as a land-based protoype of a reactor for use in propelling naval vessels of appropriate types."

Apparently the whole thinking of top officials had focused on the *economic* production of atomic power prior to the Navy's request for a propulsion reactor. It was this preoccupation with trying to assay in advance the comparative costs of atomic power and coal- or oil-based power that had led the AEC to become pessimistic about the atomic-power picture.

The cost picture for civilian atomic power had looked black to those charged with its development. Only one reactor was actually under construction during 1949 (aside from expansion of the Hanford works), and experience with this single reactor was not encouraging. Built at the Brookhaven National Laboratory, it had been designed as a souped-up version of the existing Oak Ridge research reactor. Its designers had originally hoped to extract some useful power from it to run the auxiliary equipment for the machine, but this attempt was abandoned when the reactor was delayed eighteen months in completion and the cost ran up to $25 million.

Phase III—*Military Emphasis (1950-?)*: Early in 1950, the Atomic Energy Commission revised its atomic-reactor program to emphasize the development of military reactors, specifically for ship propulsion. Although it made the *faux pas* of publishing three different reasons for the change in its program, the commission was not unaware that it could thus hurdle the Congressional appropriation barrier. Dr. Lawrence R. Hafstad, director of atomic-power work, later admitted: "If the military needs are such that they can help to carry the staggering financial burden of development costs, I, for one, cannot look upon these needs as a threat to the atomic-power program. On the contrary, the weight of the military demand will speed up the solution to some problems which must also be solved for a [civilian] power reactor . . ."

One still wonders if atomic power could not stand on its own feet instead of arriving on a military crutch. Under the circumstances, the decision to pattern the atomic program to military needs was inevitable, but if the whole subject could be opened to public view and proper appreciation gained of its potentials, the situation might well be different. However, the policy decisions



have been made and our atomic program has been molded accordingly.

As part of the reactor program switchover, General Electric was instructed to abandon a design on which it had worked for two years and to put its efforts on a naval reactor. In this project General Electric will compete with Westinghouse, which has a head start. Both reactors will be intended as prototypes of propulsion units for submarines, but there will be basic differences in design.

In November, Dr. Hafstad revealed that work on the first prototype atomic-propulsion unit at the Arco Reactor Test Station in Idaho was well under way. In a recent summary of the Navy's program, retired Vice-Admiral Charles A. Lockwood, Jr., said: ". . . in three years the United States—we hope—will be the first nation to possess the atom submarine, and so lay the foundation for a fleet which will outrun, outfight, and outmaneuver the most advanced snorkel types which Russia is building . . ."

A more realistic estimate of the date the first experimental atomic submarine will hit the water is 1955, and no one will stick his neck out on the matter of a "fleet." To power one atomic submarine would require enough uranium to make several atomic bombs, so that there one runs into a difficult diversion problem.

In 1955, will we have enough bombs so that we could afford to divert the critical uranium to use as a fuel in atomic submarines? The Russians have —or will have shortly—the capability of launching V-2s equipped with atomic warheads from surfaced snorkel submarines. If the nuclear-powered sub is the answer to this menace, we may well wish to place the highest priority on building a fleet of them.

After almost five years of erratic progress, the outlook for atomic power is today improving. The approach is still not the boldest or best this nation could make, but it is at last a positive, aimed effort. Not enough top scientists and only a handful of good engineers are on the job. Industry has been notably reluctant to assign key men. The important and very encouraging thing about the present work is that we are at last building something. Once the first power plants go into operation, industrialists may take interest. The key man in the AEC's present power program is Dr. Hafstad, himself an engineer turned physicist. Hafstad has been instrumental in straightening out an exceedingly snarled-up situation, in getting scientists and engineers to work harmoniously. The present five-man commission has buckled down, curtailed its speechmaking, and developed much better relations with Capitol Hill. Signs point toward an accelerated program of atomic-power development and to a practical demonstration of a power plant within two years.

When atomic power has actually been born as an energy source, then and only then can we begin to see the possibility for and the shape of an atomic industry.

Mr. Lilienthal has urged that our atomic-power development be freed of its bonds of secrecy. Here the former chairman of the AEC has put his finger on one of the factors that have crippled the project to date. Except for the excuse of possible political repercussions, there is no valid reason why ninety per cent of the technical data about nuclear reactors could not be published. Such publication would give an incalculable stimulus to progress. —R. E. LAPP

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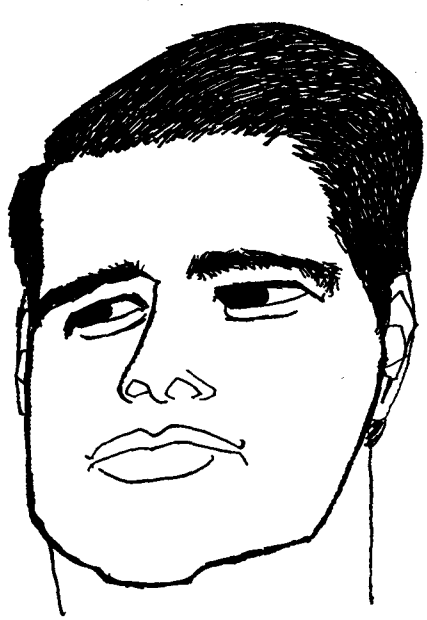
The Novel in Mid-Century

Of the generation of American novelists that flared to prominence during the 1920's, only William Faulkner remains undiminished as a creative force; the others are sputtering or spent. The younger writers—those who have come to public attention since the war—would thus seem to have a rare opportunity to assert themselves, but although the candidates are available, they fail to take over. And no one knows this better than the candidates themselves.

The young writers are aware of their situation and are self-critical to an extent inconceivable in the 1920's or 1930's, but they lack that *élan,* that imaginative daring or even outrageous bravado, without which major writing is impossible. Having been thrust into a dismal historical moment that shows no sign of reaching its end, they cannot honestly look forward to a new literary upsurge, a new burst of creative energy. For though they are conspicuously apolitical, history presses them with an almost vindictive ferocity.



John Hersey

Of course, all generalizations about the young writers must be highly tentative, since we are only five years out of the Second World War. In 1923 only one of the important novels by the new generation of writers, E. E. Cummings's *The Enormous Room,* had yet appeared. The major works of that generation—*A Farewell to Arms, The Great Gatsby, The Sound and the Fury, The Sun Also Rises*—were still in the making. Perhaps the same thing is true today.

Without intending either censure or preachment, I would say that our young writers are characterized most of all by an unwillingness—often an inability—to take chances with their careers and their work. This trait seems equally present in all the literary groupings, and one finds it in a *précieux* like Frederick Buechner (*A Long Day's Dying*), a conscientious academic like Peter Taylor (*The Long Fourth*), and a popular best-seller like Irwin Shaw (*The Young Lions*).

In the 1920's such young writers as Hemingway and Fitzgerald meant to triumph despite the world; the now-forgotten writers of the 1930's thought mainly of changing the world; but most young writers of the 1940's, particularly those who consider themselves *avant-garde,* seem to have decided it will be just as well to find a comfortable nook with tenure. There was, to be sure, much nonsense afloat in the literary life of the 1920's and the 1930's, but in both decades writers clung to precious literary values.

In the 1920's the literary aspirant wanted above all to be independent from institutions—social, political, and economic. Hart Crane and Sherwood Anderson broke away from substantial business careers. Hemingway and Fitzgerald went to Europe, the former to study the moral mysteries of bullfighting and the latter to soak up sophistication in the Ritz Bar. Others

Norman Mailer

of their generation took off for the Left Bank, where they founded little magazines, championed surrealism or Dadaism, and had themselves, all the while, a merry time. In the 1930's the young writers were more solemn but equally unconventional. Their ideal was the all-round man of ideas, and for a whole generation Edmund Wilson, who seemed equally at home with symbolist poetry and radical politics, served as a model.

Today, however, one finds little of the individualistic rebellion of the 1920's or the social rebellion of the 1930's; our young writers are earnest, devoted, knowing, and accomplished—but they play it safe, perhaps because they don't know any other way to play it.

Of course, things are really more complicated. One reason few young writers try to live the role of the independent literary figure is that, as always, it is difficult to earn one's bread

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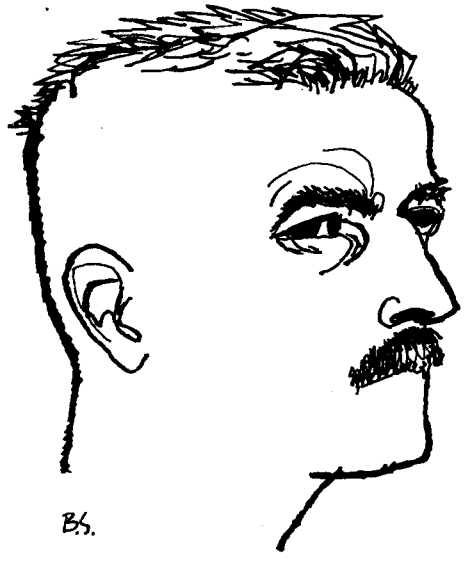


William Faulkner

by serious writing. The magazines which will take untailored fiction, poetry, and criticism pay little; the margin for personal journalism is narrow; and few of us enjoy those "small incomes" of which one hears in reminiscences of the 1920's. Yet it would be very easy to exaggerate the mere economic factor. It was probably just as hard for the young writer to live thirty years ago as it is today; there are, in fact, more outlets for good writing now than there were in the 1920's. And by comparison with the 1930's things now are downright plush. Not the need for bread but the need for security drives young writers into journalism and teaching.

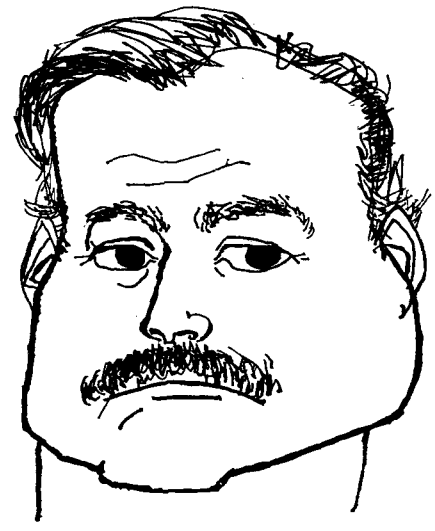
The perils of popular journalism for the serious writer have become almost a national myth. Those perils are real enough, but if a writer has character and purpose he can usually overcome them. In recent years there has appeared a spate of novels by such young journalists as John Brooks (*The Big Wheel*) and Merle Miller (*That Winter*) describing their "escape" from magazines similar to *Time*. So far as I can see, these novels demonstrate that their authors have only the skimpiest notion of the real moral pitfalls tempting the modern mind, and are unequipped for much more than the chores from which they so painfully extricated themselves. Had they been secure in their own moral values, they would not have felt so threatened by the mere fact of working as journalists and would not have been so righteously self-congratulatory when they found new jobs.

The perils of the academy are perhaps less gross, but at the moment they seem at least as prevalent, particularly for a large number of more or less *avant-garde* writers who are not nationally known but who often show genuine talent. When these writers might otherwise be taking in a wide variety of impressions, they are now confined to the university milieu, a narrow and pallid sector of society. The graduate-school setup, in particular, tends to perpetuate relations of dependence and attitudes of adolescence at the moment when writers should be breaking into maturity.

For the young critic these dangers are equally urgent. In the universities there has recently arisen a critical school, the "new criticism," which specializes in close textual dissection of poetry and looks with disfavor on the use of such "extrinsic" disciplines as history and psychoanalysis in the study of literature. The major "new critics" write with dedicated intensity, but in the work of their younger disciples one finds a sterilization of an already somewhat sterile approach. Busily burrowing into ambiguities and chopping metaphors in essays as flavorless as sawdust, these young dons make of criticism an impersonal and pleasureless exercise in pseudo-scientific categories when it should be an outgrowth of personal taste.

Instead of coming together in the Greenwich Villages, the scorned but indispensable Bohemias, where they can exchange hopes, ideas, insults, and flattery, too many of the young writers live in sallow university circles or in modest suburban isolation. The rebellious and exuberant *avant-garde* hardly exists today, and to the extent that it does, it is becoming a respectable institution accepted almost as much in *Flair* and *Harper's Bazaar* as in the little magazines.

The trend in the little-magazine world is largely toward caution, toward obeisance to the proven great and toward a petrifying awe of the totems of the "literary tradition." Take as an example the programmatic statement of a New York literary quarterly, the *Hudson Review:* It "is committed to no politics or philosophy, but *will not hesitate to consider* these subjects



Ernest Hemingway

where they affect the general cultural situation" (my emphasis—I. H.). Before such boldness, who could cavil?

In such a literary climate one could hardly expect to find richly emotional and impassioned writing. One finds instead the wan preciosity of Frederick Buechner's *A Long Day's Dying,* a stylized novel about a university instructor's seduction of his favorite pupil's mother and the subsequent discomfort of the lady's highly unimpressive suitors. Together with elaborate passes at the problem of Good and Evil, Buechner offers a style evidently modeled on a close study of Max Beerbohm's parody of Henry James. Beneath the rococo trimmings of Buechner's prose one finally does find a pinpoint's worth of feeling—and it is frigid—frigid as youth that is everything but youthful.

If we now turn to the other literary extreme, to the young novelists who are supposedly tough, plebeian, and naturalistic, we may expect to find reflections of the compulsive violence and emotional laceration of our age. Particularly in the novels written about the war, we might anticipate moods of indignation and rebellion. But the astonishing and dismaying fact is that with one or two exceptions we find nothing of the kind. For all their verbal grimacing and muscle-flexing, our young "toughie" writers are as spiritually quiescent and intellectually tame as the graduate students.

In the recent war novels of Irwin

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Shaw, Alfred Hayes, Ira Wolfert, John Horne Burns, and Harry Brown one finds a curious moral incapacity to grapple with the sheer fact of war. In a novel such as Irwin Shaw's *The Young Lions* there is much bitterness about a variety of peripheral matters—training-camp indignities, G.I. anti-Semitism, military stupidity—but the great moral question of war itself is never touched. Through default, war thus comes to seem a normal condition of life, and the battlefield, training camp, and occupied zone unquestioned items of literary background. Shaw and his similars surrender the novelist's great prerogative, which is to examine and assail the values of his time, to assert a standard of humanness against war just or unjust. There may be times when a politician, of whatever kind, has to say "This war is necessary"; but the novelist must always show that, necessary or not, it is nonetheless an outrage to the human heart. Tolstoy considered Russia's war against Napoleon to be just, but in *War and Peace* he repeatedly showed the moral wretchedness of that very same war. To do less is to cease being a novelist and become a mere propagandist.

By contrast, even a wartime journalist like Ernie Pyle, while he had little to say about the war itself, did try to go beyond the packaged attitudes of "the" G.I. which had been doled out by *Yank* or the OWI or the liberal press. Because he wrote about individual people and cared what happened to them as individuals, Pyle sometimes communicated a sympathetic warmth and a fraternal closeness to the men in battle which our young novelists seldom do. The larger meanings that Pyle avoided, another journalist, John Hersey, has tried to reach in his books on the war. Hersey has had the social sensitivity to write about some of the most important problems of our day; the occupation, atomic destruction, the massacre of Europe's Jews. His work has shown a considerable growth, for while *A Bell for Adano* was little more than a tract for stereotyped liberalism, *The Wall* has something of that concern with the human interior and with moral complexity which should be the novelist's business. But if *The Wall* is the best a gifted journalist can do, it is certainly not the best a novelist could. What the book misses is the creative artist's individual accent, the mark of a sensibility as distinguishable as that of a Hemingway or a Dos Passos; instead, it seems to have been written by a modern man of good will—sincere, conscience-stricken, but not very philosophical in inclination. Which is to say that Hersey the journalist has yet to take his biggest risk—becoming a novelist.

Truman Capote

Here we reach a crucial difference between the present war novelists and those who wrote after the First World War. Most of the recent war novelists are incapable of elevating their feelings about the war above the level of the Army gripe; like most G.I.'s, they know neither enthusiasm nor rebellion. Lacking a serious moral or political view of the war, they exhaust themselves in fractured responses that are completely inferior to the fiery political indignation of Barbusse or Dos Passos, the tender affection for the victimized soldier of Stefan Zweig or Cummings. Our young war novelists grumble, but soon enough fall into line; they neither accept nor reject the standard values, but seem almost oblivious to the general problem of values, as if it were a luxury they could no longer afford.

To these remarks there is one conspicuous exception, Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead.* Judged by serious aesthetic standards, this novel must seem quite inferior to such First World War novels as *A Farewell to Arms* and *The Enormous Room.* But it does have one central value: It really shows you the dirty, ugly, and agonized undersides of Army life. Mailer's conception of human character is painfully crude and his style is clotted with the banalities of American journalism, but at least he has enough moral seriousness to organize a total response to war: He says "No."

But in general there is a sharp decline in quality and a startling change in temper from the war novels of thirty years ago to those of today. The current specimens suffer from a loss of emotion, an inability to summon the passionate feeling available to writers after the first war. (You can see this even in the older writers themselves: Compare Dos Passos's recent work with *Three Soldiers,* Hemingway's parody of himself in *Across the River and into the Trees* with *A Farewell to Arms.*) There is a theory that this loss of emotion is due to the depersonalization of modern warfare, that the scope of modern horror defies artistic comprehension. Perhaps so, but I would point to more local causes, one strictly literary and the other broadly social.

Most young war novelists have been heavily influenced by Hemingway—the lesser, posturing Hemingway who taught a whole generation of writers that literature means an accurate clipped notation, that a display of feeling opens one to the suspicion of being "soft," that the proper mode of human address is, as it were, through the side of one's mouth, and that the mind is an organ that had best not be tampered

Irwin Shaw

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with. (The manly man, suggested Hemingway, thinks with his *cojones.*) For writers soon to be exposed to one of the most complex eras in human history, the Hemingway outlook was an inadequate preparation. It did not prepare them to think, and therefore they were unable to feel.

Together with this internal literary development there has been a social development that has deprived writers of their usual nourishment, an anaesthetization of political and intellectual belief. Radicalism is now fashionably passé. The writers now in their early thirties grazed the radical experience of two decades ago, some of them even giving one or two of their best college years to one or another movement. Most of them have since succumbed to a disenchantment as deep as their commitment was brief. As for liberalism, it has not appealed very strongly to young writers, who usually feel that it offers only inadequate ameliorations to a world that needs a thorough overhauling.

Even those writers who do accept liberalism are unable to integrate its assumptions into their world—it would be a little hard to imagine a heroic novel about Americans for Democratic Action. And the very youngest writers, such as Truman Capote, Buechner, and Speed Lamkin, the newest child decadent from the South, seem completely indifferent to all ideas, good or bad; or if they do care about ideas, they make the most rigorous efforts to banish them from their work.

Unsanguine though these remarks may seem, I do not mean to suggest that there is an absence of talent among the young writers. Quite the contrary; there is plenty of talent. The trouble is that few young writers have a clear idea of what to do with it.

One who does is John Hawkes, a young man in his early twenties who has recently published an arresting novel of postwar Germany, *The Cannibal.* Hawkes, through a somewhat surrealist approach, communicates a good deal of the fierce madness gripping Europe, the emotional dislocation and the tragic absurdities of life in a ruined continent. Though there is no explicit use of ideas in the novel, it is clearly informed with a sense of what is actually happening in the modern world, and for that reason *The Cannibal* is one of the few recent novels that seem intimately related to our experience as we immediately know it.

Hawkes is an atypical figure among the novelists of his age. Generally, their adult experience extends no further back than the war and postwar years; they show signs of the shock which comes from the defeats experienced by my generation and the generation before mine, but they show little interest in the public meaning of those defeats. Such terrible events as the Nazi pogroms, the Moscow trials, the depression, and the civil war in Spain were to my generation part of the pain of growing up—they are events that have made us irremediably what we are, for good or bad. But the writers who were born when the depression began can know only the traumatic moral and political consequences of these experiences. And that is one reason for the distance in attitudes and feeling between the novelists still in their twenties and those who have preceded them.

The one group of young writers—no longer so young, however, since they are in their early thirties—who form an exception to many of these remarks is composed of such novelists and story writers as Saul Bellow, Delmore Schwartz, and Isaac Rosenfeld. Their output is small, but in it one finds represented that particular tone of malaise, of guilty uncertainty, which has characterized urban life in the 1940's. In Bellow's excellent novel *The Victim,* one feels the exhaustion, the loneliness and rootlessness which have overcome sections of the semi-intellectual urban groups. Schwartz, in his stories of Jewish city life, writes in a depressed, deflated tone, a prose of suspicion that arises in times of extreme uncertainty. His characters float through the routine of city life, weary in manner, groping for purpose, insecure in their being. Yet even in these writers one senses a deliberate self-limitation, an unwillingness to try for the major theme as Mailer, Hersey, and other less gifted writers have done. Schwartz, Bellow, and Rosenfeld are men acutely aware of our contemporary intellectual tangles, they are gifted in handling ideas, their minds are sophisticated. But by comparison with older European novelists such as Ignazio Silone, André Malraux, Albert Camus, and George Orwell their work seems distinctly parochial.

Our best young American writers largely ignore the world of political conflict which the Europeans have made the basis of exciting and valuable novels. Partly, this has been due to the fact that political ideology has not pressed on us to the extent that it has pressed on the Europeans. But our claims to innocence cannot too long be endured, and the life situations that gave rise to *Bread and Wine* or *Darkness at Noon* or *1984* have now come closer to us.

Here, it would seem, is a tremendously challenging subject for the young American writer—what Lionel Trilling has defined as "the organization of society into ideological groups." We have gone through two decades of racking political and ideological life: the radical 1930's and the disenchanted 1940's, the energy of social idealism dispossessed by Stalinism, the chronic crises of liberalism and its frequent self-contaminations, the dramatic confessions, recantations, and accusations. Are not these subjects to stir the novelist's imagination? Would not Stendhal or the Conrad who wrote *The Secret Agent* be immensely absorbed in, say, the Hiss-Chambers case—and at a level of psychological and moral depth quite beyond the journalists who rehearse its facts?

Yet, except for Trilling's own novel, *The Middle of the Journey,* almost nothing serious has been written about our political life. It is a theme that offers, I think, the most intriguing possibilities for the young writer—to give imaginative reality to the private core of our public crises and thereby to blend in their writing the most intense feeling with the most rigorous uses of the mind. —Irving Howe

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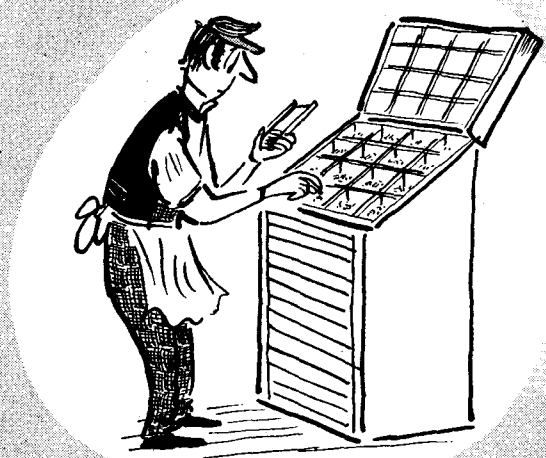

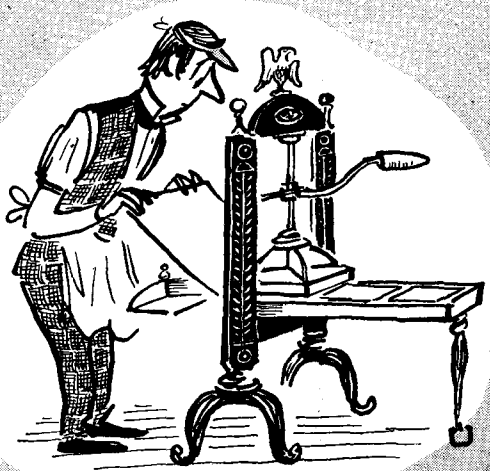

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To Man's Measure . . .

The Collaborators

The condemned men and women crouch in the street until they are crowded into trucks. Most of them look down; some look straight into the camera—so that when we see the photographs in the newspapers it is into the eyes of the condemned that we look. The camera follows them to the place of execution outside Seoul; the camera shows them standing with their backs to the firing squad; then it shows them crumpled and dead. They are the "collaborators," of course, and they have been duly tried and sentenced—several hundred of them according to report—by Syngman Rhee's new courts.

When the North Koreans came down into South Korea they found civilians who had remained in South Korean towns, and they picked out those they did not like and shot them. They picked out South Koreans who had collaborated with the American authorities, or those who had denounced Communists to the South Korean government, or, if there is such a Korean word, they picked out "fascists." When the South Koreans returned to Seoul they found civilians who had remained there under the North Korean occupation, and they picked out those they did not like and shot them. The North Koreans and the South Koreans acted on the principle that a front is no good unless the civilian population behind it can be counted on.

This principle has been monotonously followed in the wars and civil wars of our times. The armies advance and retreat, and a certain proportion of the civilian population—the people you see carrying their bundles along the roads—leave their homes when the armies retreat, return to their homes when the armies reconquer them. But there are others who do not go away. These are the people who live under enemy occupation. Some of them collaborate with the enemy; many more do not; generally all of them are held guilty until they prove their innocence. Their lot is a pitiful one.

It is hard to know what to do with pity these days. Pity has gone stale. We carry it about like swill in a bucket; it sloshes around, spills out in puddles; the puddles lie there stinking on the path of necessity and purpose, and humanity, hale survivor of one war after another, steps over them carefully as it marches toward a better world. Sooner or later the puddles dry.

One cannot be too careful. There are rules about pity. It must never interfere with nobler purposes. There is a hierarchy that permits pity for certain miseries, forbids it for others; there is always someone in authority who warns that first things come first, and someone who knows that charity begins at home. There is always someone ready with the right quotation.

So here are these Koreans certified for execution. They have since been shot. They may have been murderers and traitors. There is no point in speculating about them. We do not know their names. If the Koreans keep records, they are in their files. That does not matter. Their life and death is an old story now. Their pictures clipped from the newspapers are faded now. This makes things easier. One can look at old pictures without getting mawkish about them. But sometimes they remind one of others.

In Paris, long ago, at the Peace Conference after the First World War, they showed pictures from the Baltic. The war was over but German and Russian troops lingered on in a conflict of sorts, rectifying frontiers in the Baltic States, where the military and diplomatic situation was what is called "fluid." In the process, the Germans would enter a village and execute those villagers who had collaborated with the Russians. Then they would withdraw, whereupon the Russians would enter the same village and execute those villagers who had collaborated with the Germans. No matter how small the village there were always villagers enough. A Peace Conference mission had observed these proceedings, and the films it brought to Paris showed, if nothing else, that the Germans were more efficient executioners than the Russians.

The collaborators, no matter who was doing the shooting, looked alike; they were peasants—orderly and docile. They sat on the ground in a field waiting their turn. Unlike the Koreans, they wore boots. They sat there on the ground unlacing the boots; they took them off and placed them in a pile. The Germans and the Russians wanted the boots. The film was a silent film, so that you did not hear the orders that were given. At regular intervals ten collaborators at a time would get to their feet and line up in front of a ditch. They were not bound to any stakes; they stood there, very straight, facing the firing squad. It was a few seconds later that you noticed the difference in German and Russian efficiency. When the Germans shot, the collaborators jolted up in the air and fell cleanly into the ditch; when the Russians shot, the collaborators fell in a heap and some of them moved an arm or a leg as if they were trying to find a more comfortable position in which to sleep.

The collection of such images is becoming boring. They are much too alike. There are technical differences, it is true, the differences in race or in clothes, or in the landscape forming the background, but those are only picturesque variations. The picturesque is never enough. The Greeks of both sides or, in the long civil war, the Spanish of both sides, or the French shot at Vincennes—the pictures all look alike.

The past is irrecoverable. Secondly, there is no compulsion to think about the executions of collaborators. Finally, there are other things to think about which provide an outlet for socially acceptable pity—if anyone is wondering what to do with that sentiment.

—Gouverneur Paulding

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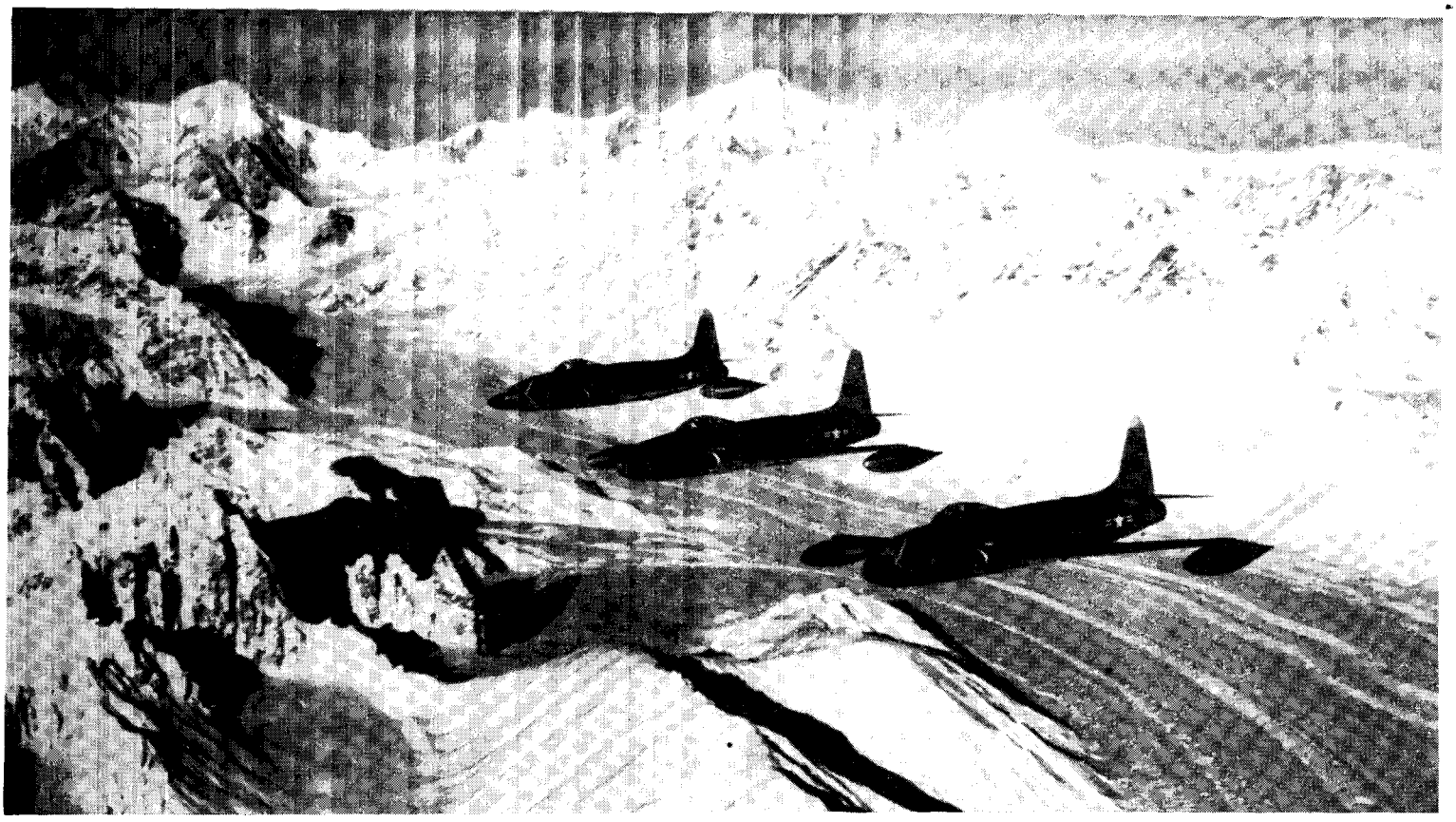

Jets over icy crags and machine gunners in subarctic foxholes

were figures in a winter nightmare that became reality

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